

William Freeman
102. Fleet Street

LADY'S OWN PAPER

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF THE COURT THE DRAMA &
FASHION, FICTION, MUSIC

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.

No. 145.—VOL. IV.—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869.

[PRICE THREEPENCE.
Post Free 4s. 4d. per Quarter.]

Mlle. ROSE HERSEE.

THE gifted young English lady who has just left our shores for the New World, must carry with her the best wishes of thousands of admirers. She is certainly one of the ablest of our native vocalists, and if she has not yet attained to the very highest rank as an artiste, it must be remembered that, though she has already done good public service, she is but just entering upon her career; and that it is one of no small promise, the most censorious of critics must cede. *Petite* in figure, with an open, pleasant, winsome countenance, and a musical, flexible voice, well under control, she may, if not tempted by injudicious friends to assume rôles beyond her powers, secure a permanent niche in a temple that is by no means barren of honours. Even at present she sings with facility and correctness, and when she shall have acquired a little more experience on the stage, her acting, which is already marked by much vivacity, will win her additional plaudits. Her progress has indeed, up to this point, been very rapid, from her pleasant concert-days to her clever impersonation of Amina in *La Sonnambula*, in which her clear ringing voice, chaste style, fluency in vocalising, and charming manner and grace of movement, combined to render her successful. Her voice is not powerful, it is true, but art has improved it, and its flexibility, combined with the tenderness and *vaivité* of her style, compensate somewhat for any deficiencies in this respect. A few facts of personal history may prove acceptable here to those who may but recently have made her acquaintance.

Mlle. Hersee displayed at a very early age, we believe, remarkable evidences of musical power, and her precocity in this respect was not followed, as is so frequently the case, by failure. When only ten years of age she made her first appearance at one of the private concerts of the Amateur Musical Union, of which her father, himself an enthusiastic amateur, was for many years president. Her solo on that occasion was the exquisite recitative and aria, "Che farò senza Euridice," from Gluck's opera of *Orfeo*. The audience, numbering between three and four hundred, was enthusiastic in its applause, and her appearance at subsequent con-

certs became a great attraction. During the following four years her vocal studies were continued, under the superintendence of her father, and in consequence of her earnest entreaty she was at length allowed by her family to appear at a public concert at St. James's-hall, in conjunction with Parepa, Lemmens-Sherrington, Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and other artistes of eminence. Mlle. Hersee was then but fourteen years old, and her success or failure was to decide the question of her becoming a professional artiste. Happily, she achieved a great success, and was obliged to repeat her song, a *chanson* by E. Arnaud, with embellishments and cadences extending to D in alt. At the age of sixteen she sang

for the first time in an oratorio, being engaged for the principal soprano part in Handel's *Messiah*, performed with a band and chorus numbering more than 300 performers. In the same year she sang, under the pseudonym of Mademoiselle Ersini, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the part of the Mermaid, in Weber's *Oberon*, and her performance was mentioned with praise by most of the leading journals. Her career as a concert vocalist has been a constantly increasing success, and she has been received with the most flattering manifestations of approval in all the chief towns in England. In December, 1867, she was engaged for the inaugural performances of the New Standard Theatre, and appeared with Mesdames Rudersdorf, Sherrington, and Sainton-Dolby. On the first and second nights Mlle. Hersee played Amina in *La Sonnambula*, winning golden opinions. Not long afterwards she was engaged by Mr. Mapleson for the season of Her Majesty's Opera at Drury-lane Theatre.

She has a clear, high soprano voice of silvery quality, reaching to F in alt, and although it is not, as we have said, remarkable for power, it is so penetrating in quality that it is easily heard in the largest concert-rooms. Her studies after her *début* at St. James's-hall were guided successively by Mr. Frederick Kingsbury, Madame Rudersdorf, and Signor Garcia. For more than twelve months she was a pupil for the lyric drama under Signor Caravoglia, and more recently she has pursued her studies with the assistance of Signor Arditi. For the last five months, we may also mention for the information of her admirers who watch her progress with interest, she has studied the dramatic art with the valuable aid of Signor Deserti, the well-known régisseur of Her Majesty's Theatre, and formerly one of the most celebrated actors on the Italian stage.

Mlle. Hersee goes to America with a definite engagement—viz., to fulfil a six months' term as prima donna in conjunction with M^{me}. Parepa, who is about to give performances of English opera on a scale hitherto unattempted in the United States. Mlle. Hersee is to make her *début* in New York on the 18th of September, in *La Sonnambula*.



Mlle. ROSE HERSEE.

(From a Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company, Regent-st.)

Aunt Moneypenny's Mill.



PART I.

ONE sultry August evening, not many summers ago, a young man leaped from the train at Scatterton, and started with a brisk step for the house of his aunt Griselda Moneypenny, which stood upon the hill overlooking the village. Being compelled to cross a stile and take a short cut through a strip of woods, our young traveller nearly alighted upon a bunch of arbutus, which in the freshness of this sombre glade bloomed thus tardily in the season. He instinctively gathered his long legs up and trod upon the other side, then, stooping, picked up the trailing branch and sniffed it gratefully. Not that he was a botanist, or for that matter knew one plant from another; but he took a sensuous delight in anything beautiful. He enjoyed the balmy air, the faint breeze that rustled the leaves over his head; and the birds twittering melodiously about him delighted his eye with their gracefulness, his ear with their song.

And yet to look at him you would not believe he would care for flowers or birds. He was tall and rather ungainly; his hands and feet were large and not particularly shapely; but his face, in spite of his bushy red eyebrows, broad mouth, tanned and freckled skin, was a winsome one—for under the eyebrows gleamed a pair of blue eyes, honest and merry, and at times shining tenderly, like a woman's. Then the lips were well cut, the teeth firm and white. Descriptions are lame in a case of this kind; but I still maintain that, even in outward appearance, there was something very winning about John Moneypenny.

It was nice in every way to walk through the old orchard on the left of the house, and skirt around the kitchen-garden to the path that led by the porch. By this means he could avoid the dust of the road, and revel in the sweet breath of the clover that grew knee-high in spots he had known from his earliest boyhood. Then it was something delightful to see the gnarled old branches, laden with their knotty but delicious fruit, and gather in with huge draughts all these delights to cheer his city-burdened soul.

But in taking this vagabond pleasure he found himself suddenly under the bay-window, and heard distinctly his name uttered in a tone of contempt that arrested his footsteps.

"John Moneypenny!" said a fresh, girlish voice. "A red-haired monster! An awkward, freckled lout! You are not in earnest, Aunt Griselda—you cannot mean what you say!"

"But I do, my dear," replied a voice, harsh and sardonic, that John knew was that of his aunt. "It has been a pet scheme of mine for years. However, I have always craved perfect liberty for myself—it would therefore be inconsistent to deny it to others. Act your pleasure, my dear; only if you'll take the advice of an old woman you'll 'make hay while the sun shines.' I feel premonitory symptoms in the back of my head at times, and a dull trembling in my limbs, and you know they said another stroke would finish me."

"But, aunt," cried the young girl, and John climbed upon the lower branch of a tree that commanded a view of the sitting-room, "is it possible you would thrust me upon the world penniless because I refuse to marry a man that is repulsive to me?"

John now could gaze into the room at his ease, and remarked that his cousin Isabel, who had grown out of all reason, and ripened suddenly into a wonderfully beautiful creature, was tearing into atoms a lace handkerchief, beating upon the carpet impatiently with her little, arched foot, and darting lightning glances from her brilliant eyes upon the composed figure of his aunt, who, seated in her arm-chair, pored with a silver knife an exceedingly ripe

and luscious peach, and smiled urbanely upon her agitated niece.

"Could you," repeated Isabel, "after rearing me for a life of luxury, condemn me to drag out my days in poverty, without a friend in the world?"

"No, Isabel; if you were not so impatient you would recognise the justice and forethought of my decision. I would secure you such a friend, girl, as is seldom given to a weak, vain creature like yourself."

"But suppose I refused such a friend; suppose I even hated the sound of his name?"

"Well, considering his name is the same as mine and your own, my dear, I think your remarks are, to say the least, offensive."

"I do hate the name of Moneypenny, despise it, loathe it! To marry a creature like that, without even changing one's name—oh aunt," she added, pleadingly, "I will not believe you—you surely care a little for me!"

"I have told you," replied her aunt, coldly, "it is my care for you impels me to this decision; besides, I have a little fondness for the name you mentioned, and naturally desire that what little I have shall be used for its benefit. But you must do as you please, Isabel. I am used to disappointments—only improve the present."

"But how?" asked Isabel, ravelling the very threads of her handkerchief. "I know what I cannot and will not do; but after that I am powerless."

"Well," replied her aunt, draining the nectar from her peach, "as far as an old woman's assistance can be of any avail, you may count upon mine. Perhaps, under the circumstances, you might make a more agreeable connexion; there is young Lascelles?"

A vivid blush burned upon Isabel's cheek.

"Aunt Moneypenny," she cried, suddenly, "how can you torment me so? You know he is perfectly indifferent to me."

"I know the few times I have been able to get to the church young Lascelles has devoured you with his eyes. God forgive me for noticing these things at such a time; but poor old Newell is so dreadfully proxy, I was compelled to do something. Every time I got a crick in my neck and turned it to get a little ease I found Lascelles's eyes rivetted upon you!"

"Ay, indeed," replied his aunt, while Isabel, dismayed at this vulgarity, glided out of the room. "But you haven't dined, have you? I gave you up at half past six."

"If you'll let me help you eat a few of those peaches, aunt, I can get along till bedtime."

"Help yourself," said Miss Moneypenny, pushing the fruit towards her nephew, and looking beamingly upon him. "How well you look! My idea of what a man should look like," she added, with an emphasis that John well understood.

"*Chacun à son goût*," said John, burying half of a peach in his huge mouth; "it's not everyone that's so easily suited."

"No," replied Miss Moneypenny, with a frown; "I suppose you haven't the least idea what I wanted of you, John?"

"Well, to tell the truth, aunt, I thought that in your dear old heart you felt that I needed a holiday; and just now the place was looking seducing enough to keep me here for a while, if you could only get me away from the city."

"You thought nothing of the kind, John Moneypenny! You know I never shilly-shally about anything. I felt a few of the old symptoms creeping over me, and thought there might be such a thing as my giving out."

"God forbid!" cried the young man, earnestly.

"And I wanted you to come out and make love to Isabel, so that you could marry her immediately if anything should occur."

"Why, Aunt Griselda, do you remember a conversation we had before Isabel came back from her step-mother's? I told you if I could ensnare the affection of my employer's daughter my fortune would be made."

Miss Moneypenny burst into a sardonic laugh.

"I may as well keep quiet," she said, "and die as soon as possible. You wouldn't suppose now, John, would you, that a poor old paralytic like me could cling with such tenacity to a few notions of honour and sincerity?"

"I know," replied John, coming around to her chair, and taking her withered hand in his, "that you will trust your boy to do what is right, and not believe him capable of a meanness."

"You love this woman, then, John?"

"I fear I do, aunt."

"Fear! what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I love her against my reason; I love her, though I know it is simple madness to do so."

"Well, at all events," said the old lady, with a contented sigh, "I'm glad you love her—glad to hear something in the foolish, old-fashioned way before I die. You'll get her, never fear, if you've made up your mind to it."

"But I don't know that I have made up my mind to it, aunt."

"Then do so, at once. Poor Isabel! I'm sorry for her, I am indeed. That Lascelles is empty-headed; but she's prejudiced."

"Against red hair and freckles, aunt?"

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"I thought so from the way she looked at me." John looked a little sad and grave, but Miss Moneypenny answered, abruptly:

"What matters it, if you love the other woman?"

A clear, sweet note fell upon their ears, then a few chords upon the piano—Isabel had commenced to sing in the drawing-room.

"You can wheel me through the hall into the drawing-room, John, if you will. I always listen to Belle a while at night. I find I sleep the better for it. Stay, you are sure you love this woman?"

"Yes, aunt; but why?"

"Well, I had decided to send you away by the early train in the morning—but in that case you may as well stay."

If Miss Moneypenny slept the better for Isabel's singing, it seemed that her nephew slept the worse; for long after his aunt was snoring, and Isabel wandering in dreamland, poor John tossed and tumbled, and finally arose, dressed himself, and looked out of window at the stars. Star-gazing and John Moneypenny! Singular conjunction!

(To be continued.)

Dilly versus Coquetry.

PART II.



STEPHEN went, and Dilly, spite of her best efforts, drooped. Some persons attributed this to the departure of the Cuban, who made his adieux at this time. He favoured Dilly with a very complimentary speech and a very tender pressure of her hand; he would have kissed it in French fashion, but she, fast losing her coquettish ways, restrained him by a look.

The months passed on, and Dilly grew quiet and thoughtful. Much she pondered on the expression of Stephen's countenance, but the only cause she could find was her flirting with the Cuban. One night she sat musing just before going to bed. On the table by which she sat lay a little book in which Stephen, when he first returned, had written her name at her request. He wrote a peculiar hand, one that would at once attract attention. While thus sitting Jenny came in to consult her on the colour of a dress she had purchased that day. Standing by the table her eyes fell on the writing in the book.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "that is for all the world the same writing that was on your letter, Miss Dilly, that slid down the crack."

Dilly turned pale. "Are you sure, Jenny?" she asked, quietly, but with a great effort.

"Yes," replied Jenny, taking up the book. "I was looking at the way the A and T were made as I brought the letter along, and these are made just the same."

"Perhaps they are," said Dilly, and then, turning to the dress, she drew Jenny's attention to it. But when the girl left the room, she started up, and with hands pressed tightly on her breast, walked rapidly up and down. She saw it all now. Stephen had sent her that letter, the letter she had written to all her correspondents about without finding the writer; and now she understood why he looked at her as he did that night. He thought she had read the letter and was making a jest of it. Oh, how her heart throbbed and pained as she thought of it all!

Aunt Pen was sleeping the sleep of the just, when she was roused by the voice of weeping. Sitting up, she saw Dilly in the pale moonlight standing by her bed.

"Oh, Aunt Pen! dear Aunt Pen! you do love me, don't you?"

Aunt Pen instantly embraced her sobbing darling, and drawing her beside her endeavoured to find out the cause of her tears. She was alarmed, as Dilly was not given to such outbursts.

"I know you love me very much, dear Aunt Pen, and you will do something for me that I wish so very much; won't you, dear Aunt Pen?"

And then followed such a flow of tears that poor Miss Penelope promised. "What is it, my darling?" she asked.

"Have the dining-room mantelpiece pulled down," sobbed Dilly.

Aunt Pen shook with terror. She took it for granted that her niece was losing her senses; but hoping the derangement was temporary, she repeated her promise in a quivering voice, and asked Dilly to share her bed—an offer that was accepted. Miss Penelope was fully resolved to keep a diligent watch all night; but before she had the least idea of doing such a thing, dropped sound asleep, and when she woke in the morning found that she alone occupied the bed. Before she had time to rise Dilly entered the room, calm and serene, though a certain anxiety lurked in her eyes. Aunt Pen wisely thought she would not allude to the subject of the mantelpiece, trusting that Dilly had been dreaming; but she was at once reminded of her promise, and saw she was to be strictly held to it. In vain did she question Dilly as to her reason. At last Miss Pen said:—

"Dilly, my dear, it is out of the question to pull down the wall in that manner without saying why. What do you suppose that Susan and everybody else would think?"

Dilly surveyed her aunt thoughtfully. "That is very true," she replied, and left the room.

While Miss Penelope was still congratulating herself upon her success, Dilly returned.

"It is all right now, Aunt Pen," she said, "I have slipped your great-grandfather's silver watch down the crack, so that is reason enough."

For once in her life Aunt Pen was indignant.

"Amelia!" she cried, "how dare you do such a thing as that?"

Dilly threw her arms round her aunt's neck and pressed her soft cheek to hers. "Dear Aunt Pen," she murmured, in caressing tones, "you know you said you must have a reason, and you had promised me the mantelpiece should be taken down; you wouldn't wish to break your promise to your little Dilly, who loves you so?"

Miss Penelope endeavoured to be firm and remain indignant, for the insult to the treasured heirloom was not to be patiently submitted to; but it was of no use, and she finally yielded, as she always did.

Miss Amelia coolly informed Susan that she had dropped the watch down the crack; and although Susan listened with upraised hands and eyes, she declared that she was not in the least astonished; Miss Dilly would do mischief, she supposed, to the end of her days.

Dilly had taken the precaution to drop in a few old advertisements; so when the chimney-piece was taken down, and while Miss Penelope and Susan were anxiously examining the watch, she secured the precious letter among the advertisements, and no one noticed it. When alone in her room she carefully fastened the door, and then sat breathlessly gazing at the important document for several moments before daring to open it. But when she did, and read in it how deeply and dearly Stephen loved her, how she was the only woman in the world to him, her heart stood still for very rapture; she was conscious of but one thought, and that filled her to the exclusion of all others—Stephen loved her!

After a time she read the letter more attentively, for at first the words swam in a golden light, very beautiful but very bewildering; and then she found that he requested her, if his answer was unfavourable, not to speak or write to him upon the subject; words would, he said, be unendurable; if she could not accept his love let him know it by utter silence, and in silence he would endeavour to bear it. Then she saw how he must have misunderstood her jesting words that night, and her heart sank down from its height of joy when she reflected with what contempt he must have looked upon her when he imagined that she made a mockery of his love, and intended telling the Cuban of it as a matter of amusement.

This thought was more than she could bear; his love, perhaps, had passed from her for ever, but his respect she would not lose; he should know that she was no dishonourable flirt; he should give her a place in his esteem, if not in his affections. She snatched up pen and paper, and dashed off a few hasty lines, telling him how the letter was lost, and that it had just then been discovered by the taking down of the chimney-piece; that when it fell in the crack she supposed it was from a friend in London on the subject of a party; and that her idle words applied to that. She never mentioned love, but told him she could not bear to forfeit the esteem of so dear a friend. Then, trembling with excitement, she hurried to the village and posted her letter; after that she sought a secret nook deep in the woods, to which she sometimes resorted, and, lying on the soft, crisp leaves, wept as though her heart would break. Doubts seized her—had she done something bold and unwomanly? She could not tell; all was in a maze; and finally, sick at heart, and in body too, from lengthened weeping, she dragged herself home, and was in bed two days; during which time Miss Penelope, Susan, and Jenny stole up and down stairs and about the house like frightened

mice, and in a great state of anxiety. Miss Penelope was firmly convinced that Dilly was going into a brain-fever, and that the pulling down of the chimney-piece was the first symptom of it. Of course she sent with all speed for the doctor, who indignantly informed the anxious aunt that he considered it rather an attack of irritability than anything else; Dilly having received him very ungraciously, flatly telling him she would not swallow one atom of his nasty, useless, poisonous doses. Being of a positive nature she did not; and in a few days emerged from her room, looking much as usual, though a shade paler.

Suspense is hard to bear, and so Dilly found it; but she also made another discovery, and that was that she loved Stephen more and more each day, and that this love had struck its roots so deeply in her heart that poor coquetry had withered and died for want of room and moisture.

Stephen had asked for silence in case Dilly had no love to give him; but when, in answer to her letter, he arrived, determined to make one more effort, he was not only satisfied with his Dilly's silence, but thought it more speaking than a thousand words. For when he stood before her, and she started up, shy, trembling, pale, he saw in her swiftly falling glance the look his heart thirsted for; and when he opened his longing arms Dilly answered him without a word, by simply nestling in them and holding her face upon his faithful breast.

THE END.

Honiton Lace.



Few travellers on entering the county of Devon by means of the South-Western Railway will fail to notice the beauty of the country as they reach the market-town of Honiton. The picturesque hills are covered with foliage to their summits, while the lovely "Vale of Honiton" is well known for its richness and fertility.

"Honiton? Oh, yes! That's where the beautiful point-lace is made." Quite true, my fair traveller, or fair reader, but the manufacture is not confined to

Honiton. It is produced in various parts of the county, and especially along the eastern and a part of the southern coast, for about thirty miles, and twelve miles inland.

From the Jurors' Report of the Great Exhibition of 1851 the estimated number of persons employed in this branch of industry was from 7,000 to 8,000. The reporters further observed: "It would be difficult to supply any accurate statistics as regards the number of persons engaged in this manufacture, as the nature of the article enables the persons employed in producing it to carry on the operation apart from each other, and without interfering with a domestic or retired life." So this deservedly beautiful fabric is a kind of household manufacture, made in the cottages of the poor, and not in large factories, as is the case with articles of a similar kind. In many of the picturesque valleys and coombes of Devonshire the tourist will often stumble upon a prettily embowered living picture—the young lace-worker, with her pillow on her lap, or else an aged matron seated in her rustic doorway, hung with the vine, clematis, or jessamine, rapidly plying her lace-sticks from side to side to produce the desired "sprig" or "border." We see here what recalls Cowper's lines:—

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.

In the early part of the present century the lace manufacturers of Honiton employed about 2,500 women and children in the town and neighbouring villages. But the introduction of the bobbin net machinery, about fifty or sixty years ago, greatly injured the trade, as the whole of the net or "grounding" was previously to this made on the pillow.

M'Culloch, in his "Commercial Dictionary," says: "At Honiton, in Devonshire, the manufacture had arrived at that perfection, was so tasteful in the design, and so delicate and beautiful in the workmanship, as not to be excelled even by the best specimens of Brussels lace. During the late war, veils of this lace were sold in London at from twenty to a hundred guineas." Recent improvements in this manufacture have again raised the articles to as high a price as the highest quoted above by M'Culloch.

Mrs. Bury Palliser, in her beautiful book entitled "A History of Lace," says: "Lace is defined as a plain or ornamental network, wrought of fine threads of gold, silver, flax, or cotton interwoven. Our English word *lace* is derived by the learned from the Latin word *lacinia*, signifying the hem or fringe of a garment. We ourselves feel inclined to consider it of Anglo-Norman origin. Certain it is that the term '*laces*,' rendered in the English translation of the statutes as '*laces*,' implying braids, such as were used for uniting the different parts of the dress, appears long before the article of which we are now treating came into use.

In our own country the earlier laces, such as they were, were defined by the word '*passant*,' spelt in a variety of ways—a general term for gimps, braids, and laces, whether of gold, silver, silk, cotton, thread, or worsted.

"Many of the earlier laces were made by the threads being passed or interlaced one with another, scarcely more than a white braid; hence they derived the name of *passament*. Gradually the workmanship was improved,

the close passament was enriched with various designs, a finer flax employed; *passament*, thus improved, in the course of time became *lace*."

In the sixteenth century the terms *purle*, *passement*, and *bone-lace*, are met with as descriptive of this article of attire; and the latter method of manufacture is said to have been invented by a poor miner's wife in Germany, who was driven to her wit's end in consequence of the failure of her husband's industry.

There are two explanations current of the origin of the term *bone-lace*. One is that the thread for working was wound round sheep's trotters before "sticks" were introduced. Another is that fish-bones were used instead of pins—an article too costly for use in the early history of Devonshire lace working. This latter explanation seems a probable one, as a large portion of the trade was located on the seacoast. Shakespeare alludes to the *bone-lace* in his play of *Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Scene 5:—

O fellow come, the song we had last night,
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it.

And the following mortuary inscription on a "bone-lace siller," is from a table-tomb standing against the exterior south-east wall of the old parish church of Honiton, probably the only record of the kind in the county. The original is in large Roman capitals:—

Here lyeth ye body of James Rodge of Honiton
In ye County of Devonshire (Bone-lace-siller,
Hath given unto the poor of Honiton parish
The benefitt of £100 for ever) who deceased
Ye 27 July A.D. 1617 ætate Svoe 50—Remember the poore.

The common tradition, and a most probable one, is that lace making was introduced into Devonshire by the refugees from Flanders during the sanguinary occupation of the Low Countries by the Duke of Alva in 1567, and the names of some of the old lace makers are evidence of their Flemish origin. The parish records of Honiton also produce charitable bequests of lace manufacturers and dealers of the seventeenth century, including that of James Rodge already quoted.

Old family portraits and monumental effigies in churches afford us many examples of old lace. Two interesting ones are found in Exeter Cathedral, one the recumbent figure of Bishop Stafford (A.D. 1398), and that of Lady Doddridge (A.D. 1614), wife of Sir John Doddridge, Knight, one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. Also in the parish church of St. Mary Arches, Exeter, the figure of Mrs. Walker (A.D. 1662). The dress of the lady is adorned with a narrow lace of a vandyke pattern. Many of these old monuments give us valuable details of the costume of the period in which they were erected, and in some instances are the only sources of information.

But now we must give some practical account of the manufacture.

Honiton lace is produced by fixing a "pricking"—viz., a perforated pattern of cardboard or parchment, upon a cushion called a "pillow." Pins are then inserted into the perforations of the pattern; next we have a number of little bobbins or spindles, technically "sticks," upon which are wound the fine thread for making the work. These are thrown under and over one another among the pins in various directions so as to twist or interweave the requisite pattern. This is a brief description of the process; more minute details would only confuse, without making the matter more intelligible. Honiton lace has lately obtained a new celebrity, having been much used by her present Majesty and the various members of the Royal Family, and by leaders of fashion in dress. The great industrial exhibitions of London and Paris, as well as those of our large manufacturing towns, have tended towards effecting important improvements both in the make and design of Honiton lace. A laudable and somewhat successful attempt has been made to introduce designs of natural flowers into lace, in lieu of the many grotesque forms which the old lace-makers too pertinaciously adhere to. This idea has been carried out by the Bath and West of England Society, which has encouraged lace exhibitions, and given prizes to successful workpeople.

Honiton lace as now known is divided into two kinds, "point" and "appliqué." The term *point*, in its original application, when referring to lace, meant that which was made with the needle. Now it is understood as describing that kind of lace of which the separate sprigs or borders are connected together by threads, called "spans." The appliqué is distinguished from the point in that the sprigs or borders are sewn on machine-made net, the sprigs, &c., being made on the pillow. The pillow is a circular cushion of canvas stuffed with chopped straw, sometimes externally covered with green baize. In the lace districts pillows are made at the cost of half-a-crown or three shillings each. Lace schools are also in use, where children are instructed in lace making; there are also lace dealers, who collect the work from the cottages, who either sell the sprigs or else work them up into articles of attire fit for sale. Boys and men occasionally occupy their leisure hours in lace making. The lace makers usually keep a little sort of scrap-book of blue paper, into which the sprigs are placed to keep them together and to preserve them clean. Many sorts of small sprigs are made in quantities and sold by the dozen, as they are often required to form continuous lengths of lace by being sewn together.

Old Devonshire lace is known as "trolley," that is, lace made in lengths for trimming purposes and with the net-ground worked on the pillow with the pattern. Collectors of old lace will readily detect the old Devonshire by noticing the want of extreme regularity in the net-grounding as compared with the net made by machinery.

The old lace-workers are very jealous of any interference with their original patterns. Many of them have been handed down through many generations, and still retain a place in the manufacture. It is therefore very difficult to convince them that any alteration or improvement is desirable. The nomenclature attached to them is also old and curious, often apparently with little or no reference to the object designated. The turkey-tail is a well-known border sprig, and bears some resemblance possibly to the spread tail feathers of that bird. There are also low edge, apple edge, pear edge, three-bow edge, violet edge, and in

spribs, violets, roses, blackberries, wheels, fly-wheels, flies, glaire eyes, watches, and spectacles, known in lace vernacular as "spurtacles." Names of celebrity are attached to many of the spribs, as the Brunswick, Marchioness of Sligo, Marchioness of Douro, as well as those of humbler persons, as the name of some well-skilled workwoman or skilful designer.

Essays and Sketches.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW ON "ENGAGEMENTS."



one can tell what sort of an engagement is meant, because men use the word in its first or general intention of any obligation by contract. But where a lady speaks of "an engagement" she employs the word in a technical or secondary sense, and you may be quite certain that she means an engagement to marry. When Amanda tells Lucretia that she is "engaged," you have no more doubt of the precise signification of the word than you have when you see it stuck up by a porter on a wooden label over a railway carriage. You are as sure that in one case there has been an offer to marry, as that in the other there has been a proposal to bribe. Whether the old tutor was correct or not in his logic, whether he rightly or wrongly interpreted Aldrich's definition of a predicable, his illustration was no doubt well adapted to catch and fix the wandering attention of his hearers; and it will serve to explain what we mean when we say that the word placed at the head of this paper is to be taken in the second intention, or ladies' sense.

Endless classifications might be made of the different kinds of engagements. For example, there is the classification by what lawyers call "the consideration." Some engagements are made for love's sake, others for the sake of something less divine. Among this latter class are the engagements arranged or invented for the purpose of staying off creditors, or of getting another five hundred pounds' worth of jewellery from a fashionable firm. Sometimes, but this is high art, these two species of engagements are made to dovetail into one another—as in the case of the founder of a noble house, who got admission as a partner into a great firm by hinting that he was going to marry a rich heiress, and simultaneously secured the consent of the young lady's father by holding out the prospect of the partnership—thus using his engagement to further his speculation, and his speculation to secure his engagement. But the two commonest methods of classifying engagements are, first, by the degree to which they are sanctioned; and secondly, by their duration. Thus engagements, when classified according to their sanction, are divided into two principal sorts—the authorised or regular, which have received the approval of parents, guardians, and other legitimate authorities; and the unauthorised, or irregular, which have no such sanction. So, again, these irregular engagements naturally subdivide themselves into the forbidden, which, having been announced to the proper authorities, and discountenanced by them, are nevertheless cherished in the imaginative souls of poetical Edwin and Angelinas as things which have a real and substantive existence, though the world ignores them—and the clandestine, which are not brought to light at all. An engagement of the clandestine type hardly ever lasts long in that phase. As the life of a young girl is much more domestic than that of a young man, the burden of concealment presses much more heavily upon her than upon her lover. On this account, and also because of the greater tenderness of a girl's conscience, the almost invariably end of a clandestine engagement is, that after lasting a few weeks it is announced by the girl to a sister or mother, and passes either into the regular or the forbidden phase. Most fortunately for the authority of parents, there are few girls who would not rather run the risk of sacrificing a lover than keep such a secret six weeks with absolute integrity. Any one who has noticed the amazing rapidity with which the news of an engagement spreads among the host of female friends, relations, and acquaintances, will feel how keen a pleasure must be taken by them in circulating such a tit-bit of gossip, and conversely, what a severe deprivation it would be to them not to be permitted to announce it. Parents sometimes, from reasons of mortified pride or mental indecision, desire that the news of an engagement, though sanctioned, should be confined to as few persons as possible. But this is always found to be an untenable position. The Russian is fair to the point of the secret to communicate it to a specially privileged friend soon puts an end to the parents' fond hope of a limited liability to congratulation, and convinces them that an engagement, like a libel, cannot be published for private circulation only. It is, in fact, one of those confidential communications which are sometimes called "shouting secrets."

The classification of engagements according to their duration gives us several interesting types. Some engagements are of a short but rapturous kind; others are of a protracted and Platonic character. Some are contracted for a fixed term of years, as the engagement of a minor to marry when he attains his majority, or of a widow to wed after two years of inconsolability. Others

are terminable after an indefinite period, as where a Fellow of a College engages to marry as soon as he gets a living, or where a young lady promises to make her lover happy when he can show that he is able to maintain her in the style to which she has always been accustomed, and to supply her with the comforts and refinements which she has a right from her position in society to expect." Other engagements may be considered as terminable at pleasure, such as those projected between officers of small means and the notorious flirts of a garrison town, which, it is pretty well understood, are only designed to last until the regiment is moved to fresh quarters, or till Providence provides the fair coquette with a more handsome or substantial lover. These, with many others which it is unnecessary to enumerate, are various species of engagements differentiated according to the nature of their duration. But the division of engagements with which society is most familiar, and the one which will occur to all parental minds as the most important, is the simple division of engagements into Long and Short. The genuine old-fashioned Long Engagement, of that life-long type with which our grandmothers and great-aunts were familiar, has happily almost ceased to exist. Any woman belonging to the professional ranks of the middle class, who is more than fifty years old, will be able to recall several instances of men—generally Fellows of Colleges—who, when young, contracted engagements which they were unable to fulfil until they had reached that time of life at which it is not very usual, or very seemly, either to marry or to be given in marriage. Such instances of life-long engagements were by no means rare fifty years ago. The College Fellow of twenty-five having engaged himself to a young girl of twenty, and having no sure expectation of patronage outside of his College, could not then, as now, cut himself adrift from his academical ties, and start forth to make his fortune independently by tuition, journalism, or the public service. Such extra-academical means of making use of an academical education were then comparatively unknown or unpromising. The avenues whereby a gentleman of liberal education could enter the salaried sphere of existence were then comparatively few, and still almost confined to the "three liberal professions." The really well-paid schoolmaster-ships were then very few; there was no Haileybury, no Radley, no Branford; there were no professorships at King's College, London, and no inspectorships of schools. The young Fellow who had taken orders had nothing to look to but a College living; so he waited on, perhaps for ten, perhaps for twenty, or even thirty years, until his youthful ardour had cooled down into a quiet, bookish sort of attachment, and his betrothed had come to look forward to her marriage rather with pride than with passion, as the event which would one day give her the privilege of humbly helping that learned man in his labours, or at least secure her the monopoly of nursing his declining years.

Such long engagements as this are now extremely rare; one scarcely ever hears of a couple being engaged twenty years, and the friends of a young *fiancée* are generally rather disgusted if she remains unmarried so many months. Any engagement which lasts over two years is now called a long engagement; and one which extends to five years is reckoned a melancholy and very middle-class affair. Long engagements, in the modern sense of the term, are confined almost entirely to the middle ranks of the community. They are nearly as much a middle-class institution as early dining or Dis-sent. A superhuman assiduity, a dragon-like watchfulness and wonderful tact on the part of the mothers of Mayfair, co-operating with the pride that a poor young man feels, or with the love of his luxuries that a moderately rich young man cherishes, will generally prevent matters from coming to such a pass that a girl in this rank of life entangles herself with a man who cannot offer her an adequate establishment. But, as a rule, there is no need for such influences. The daughters of Mayfair are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, almost as keen as their mother in the competition for good *parties*. In the strange oversight which has been made in the choice of their companions and instructors, or unless opportunities of inculcating the Belgravian code have been scandalously neglected, these young ladies, by the time they have been presented, are as determined not to offend against those precepts of the code which relate to love and matrimony, as to observe those which relate to dress and conversation. And even in the hundredth case, the mother of Mayfair is not check-mated or dragged into suffering a long engagement. If the girl is young, and her chances of making a good match are still favourable, the proposal is peremptorily forbidden, and some of the thousand available measures are taken to prevent the fox and goose from meeting again. But if she is becoming *passée*, and the suitor is tolerably well connected, a virtue is made of necessity. Either an allowance is made to the girl, or else, more generously, the wire-pullers are set to work, and it is hard if some commissioner or other public office cannot be obtained, and thus the deficiencies of the suitor's purse remedied out of the Consolidated Fund. And thus it happens that long engagements are almost unknown in the upper ranks, and are more commonly found in a somewhat lower stratum of society.

All the extraordinary proceedings of the many fanatical sects whose rapid increase has excited so much anxiety in Russia are fairly thrown into the shade by a terrible act of self-immolation which is reported from the Government of Saratov. A few months ago the prophets of a new religion made their appearance in that part of the Empire, preaching self-destruction by fire as the only sure road to salvation; and so readily was their dreadful doctrine received by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, that in one large village no less than 1,700 persons assembled in some wooden house, and, having barricaded the doors and windows, set the building on fire and perished in the flames. The authorities are doing all they can to stay the progress of this new madness, but their task is obviously a difficult one. The punishments which the law can inflict must have little terror for enthusiasts who deliberately choose a death so horrible as the true road to heaven.

Marriage among the Jews.



The first commandment, on Jewish principles, is held, according to the *Globe*, to be that contained in the benediction given to the original pair, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth." Consistently with this interpretation every Jew is bound to carry out the precept by taking a wife. So severe, indeed, are the rabbis upon any man who may shrink from marriage, that they brand him "as a shedder of blood," and affirm that he is doing his best to cause the Divine Presence to depart from Israel. As if this were not enough, they finish by declaring that he is not fit to be called "man" in the highest sense of the term. No wonder, then, that the Jews should be the most marrying people of civilised nations, and that a tough old bachelor should be as rare amongst them as the dodo. Neither is much time allowed for the selection of a partner. A man must make up his mind and have done with it, for the rabbis do not favour long courtships, and give eighteen years of age as the maximum limit within which the ceremony should have been performed. The earlier it is done the better, so that it be not below thirteen; but if the contumacious bachelor shall have reached twenty without being able to write himself "husband," the rabbis of his town are bound to make him marry, whether he likes it or not. It is useless to plead poverty, for he is told that, in order to make provision for marriage, he may even sell the scroll of the law, which all Israelites hold in the deepest reverence, and which may not be parted with under any other conceivable circumstances, not even to buy food if he is starving. His only possible chance of escape lies in being deaf or dumb, or imbecile, or a dwarf; in all of which cases, as well as to persons under the Talmudical age of thirteen, marriage is forbidden. The Biblical precept, "Be fruitful," &c., is held to be applicable to the male sex alone, and a man has sufficiently fulfilled it when he is the father of a boy and girl. Plurality of wives is not supposed to be barred by any divine command, and nothing is to be discovered in the law, so the sages affirm, which need hinder a man from taking as many as he can support, though they are inclined to limit the number to four. Beyond this figure it is not desirable to advance; but it is curious to note that the only thing to stop a Jew from indulging in matrimony to the full gratification of his instincts is (apart from Christian legislation) the declaration of a single rabbi of repute, Gershom by name, who maintains that one wife at a time is all that can be conceded to an Israelite. This limit is strictly observed, even by Jews who are living in Mohammedan countries, such as Turkey, Morocco, and so on, where the national code offers no obstruction to liberal views upon the subject of wife-taking. Supposing that a marriage turns out unfruitful, it is, of course, on Jewish principles, a matter of grave concern; and in order to repair his misfortune, the husband is permitted to divorce his wife after she has lived with him for ten years, and has borne no child. Marriage that is prompted by money is viewed with exceeding disfavour, and the Talmud scruples not to declare that the children of such ill-omened unions are sure to turn out amiss. Nay, further, what a man receives with his wife, by way of portion, is pronounced not to be honest money, in the strictest and severest sense. What the practice of modern Jews may be in the selection of a wife it is superfluous to inquire; but it is enough to know that there is hardly any point upon which their authoritative teachers are more dogmatically precise than in forbidding all consideration of pecuniary gain to enter into matrimonial calculations. A man is allowed to marry into any family of Israelite pleasures, whatever their social rank or standing may be, but he is exhorted to use all diligence to come out with the daughter of a learned man. Should such a one, unhappily, be out of reach, he must next turn his mind towards the family of some one who is renowned for his good deeds. Failing this, he must take himself to the warden of a synagogue, and so on till he reaches the damsel who teaches in an infant school. Should he be an unlearned man, however, he must in no case aspire to the hand of a daughter of Aaron (a Cohen), and, where it is possible to satisfy other conditions, he is counselled to take his sister's daughter to wife. Although a Jew's intercourse with the gentler sex is fettered by ridiculous restrictions, as, for example, that he must not remain alone with a woman, even though she be an old one, under pain of stripes; yet, when marriage is in question, he is counselled to be very particular in examining into the temper and bearing of his intended wife, lest, perchance, he should unwittingly marry one who is tainted with Gibionitish blood. A husband must covenant to give his wife two good meals a day, including bread and wine; while on the Sabbath the number must be raised to three, and must comprise fish and meat, besides a trifling sum of money for additional household expenses.

When the marriage contract has been drawn by the rabbis, and it has been duly signed and attested, nothing remains but that the wedding should be publicly solemnised. The bridegroom enters the synagogue between two friends, who place him before the ark, from which hangs a veil, supported on four poles, and forming a canopy. Then the bride is brought in between two married women; but this time-honoured custom is rapidly being superseded by bridesmaids. But whatever number of ladies may grace the ceremony, care must be taken that not less than ten men are assisting, according to the precedent of Boaz (Ruth iv. 2). Two cups of wine are prepared, over one of which a prayer is now said, and the bridegroom puts the ring on the second finger of the woman's hand. This is, in reality, the fourth according to our reckoning; but Jews begin to count with the little finger. The bride and bridegroom now partake of the cup. And here it should be observed that the wedding-day

is regarded by the rabbis as a Day of Atonement for the newly-married pair. In pursuance of this idea they are obliged to read a very solemn service for the Day of Atonement before they offer themselves to be married, and must also observe a strict fast till they taste the wine. In many parts of the Continent the marriage takes place in the evening, so that the fast may be observed for the entire day, but the practice is by no means common in England. The marriage contract is now read aloud, and as it is invariably couched in Talmudic language, it must be a very edifying ceremonial to a congregation who, as a rule, are about as familiar with the uncouth tones of the composite dialect as they are with Chinese. The second cup of wine is now blessed and partaken of by the happy pair, but this time the bride drinks first. After the usual prayers, a glass is placed under the bridegroom's foot and he crushes it, amidst a general cry of "Good luck," from the congregation. Nobody seems to know the exact meaning of this ancient piece of ceremonial, though the best authorities regard it as symbolical of the uncertainty of worldly hopes.

Job-making Extraordinary;

OR,

HOW NATIVE AUSTRALIANS SECURE WIVES.

IN that very entertaining book, "The Wedding-day in all Ages and Countries," recently published, which is replete with curious information, is found the following account of the marriage customs of the Australians, which must be novel to most of our readers:—

In New Zealand, the Feejee, and other islands of the Pacific, the custom of capture of women for wives has prevailed from the earliest times of the known history of those places. The native Australians also practised the system of capturing their brides, and their primitive songs make frequent allusion to the custom. Turnbull, writing in 1805, says that, among the Australians, when a man saw a woman he liked he told her to follow him, and if she refused he forced her to accompany him by blows, ending by knocking her down and carrying her off. Sir George Grey, writing in 1841, of the North-western Australians, says: "Even supposing a woman to give no encouragement to her admirers, many plots are always laid to carry her off, and in the encounters which result from these she is almost certain to receive some violent injury, for each of the combatants orders her to follow him, and in the event of her refusing throws a spear at her. The early life of a young woman at all celebrated for beauty is generally one continued series of captivity to different masters, of ghastly wounds, of wanderings in strange families, of rapid flights, of bad treatment from other females, among whom she is brought a stranger by her captor; and rarely do you see a form of unusual grace and elegance but it is marked and scarred by the furrows of old wounds; and many a female thus wanders several hundred miles from the home of her infancy, being carried off successively to distant and more distant points."

A writer in 1864 says of the Australian blacks: "Courtship, as the precursor of marriage, is unknown among them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife he generally obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister or some other female relative of his own; but if there should happen to be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers around the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their cubras, whom he has seen and admired when attending one of the grand corrobories. His mode of paying his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his nulla-nulla (war-club) he stuns the object of his 'affections,' and whences he renders his insensible body away to some retired spot, and as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her home to his own gunyah in triumph. Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using the utmost skill in concealing their presence. When they have obtained the knowledge they require they wait for a dark, windy night; then, quite naked, and carrying only their long 'jag-spears,' they crawl stealthily through the bush until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping. Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of these cubras; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear, and inserts its barbed point among her thick, flowing locks; turning the spear slowly round, some of her hair speedily becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her eyes open she feels the sharp point of another weapon pressed against her throat. She neither faints nor screams; she knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death; so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and rising silently she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree, and return to ensure the other victim in like manner. Then, when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause, and highly honoured for their gallant exploit. Occasionally alarm is given, but even then the wife-attempt at some future period. When a distinguished warrior carries off a bride from a strange tribe he will frequently volunteer to undergo 'the trial of the spear,' in order to prevent the necessity of his people going to war in his defence; then both the tribes meet, and ten of the bravest and strongest young men are picked out by the aggrieved party. These are each provided with three reed-spears and a womera, or throwing stick; and eight inches long by six wide, is led out in front, and placed at the distance of forty yards. Then, at a given signal, the reed spears are launched at him in rapid succession; these he receives and parries with his shield, and so skillful are the blacks in the use of their own weapons

that very seldom is any wound inflicted. Having successfully passed through this ordeal the warrior is considered to have fairly earned his cubra, and to have atoned for his offence in carrying her off; so the ceremony generally concludes by the two tribes feasting together in perfect harmony."

The native Australian women are all usually betrothed immediately after birth to men of a different tribe to their own; so that all women are wives; and the stealing of them leads to continual warfare between the clans. No woman can be betrothed to a man of her own stock.

Theatres and Amusements.

DRURY LANE.—Belles of the Kitchen—Formosa; or, the Railroad to Ruin.—Borrowed Plumes. Seven.
ADOLPH.—My Precious Betsy—(At Eight)—The Serpent on the Hearth—Domestic Economy. Seven.
OLYMPIA.—A Private Inquiry—John of Paris—The Fast Coach. Half-past Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Presumptive Evidence—(At a Quarter to Nine) Acis and Galatea—A Quiet Family. Seven.
STRADE.—Among the Breakers—The Toodles—Joan of Arc. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Winning Hazard—(At Eight) School-A-Lame Excuse. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—Lisken and Fritzen—(At a Quarter to Eight)—Dreams—(At a Quarter-past Ten) Robert the Devil—Ballet. Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—(At Half-past Eight)—The Turn of the Tide. Half-past Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Quite at Home—(At Eight) Checkmate—(At a Quarter-past Nine) The Merry Billy Taylor—Scoulls—Half-past Seven.
ROYAL CHAMBERLAIN.—Edendale—Very Little Faust, and More Memphis—Lophelies—Faire.
STANDARD.—Christy Minstrels. Eight.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TESSA'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

AUGUST 29. SUNDAY.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
" 30. Monday.—Last quarter moon 7.58 A.M.
" 31. Tuesday.—Sun sets 6.47 P.M.
SEPT. 1. Wednesday.—Partridge shooting begins.
" 2. Thursday.—Sun rises 5.15 A.M.
" 3. Friday.—Daybreak 3.9 A.M.
" 4. Saturday.—Length of day 13h. 19m.

Our Letter Basket.

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

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Any readers who may find a difficulty in procuring THE LADY'S OWN PAPER from their newsagents, or experience any irregularity in supply, are invited to communicate with the publisher.

* We have in hand articles on "Drying and Preserving Forns," and "Sea Weeds: their Collection and Preservation," both of which will appear in our next number.

A.G.—Many thanks for the poetry. A portrait of the lady you mention would scarcely be of sufficient general interest. Her verses are at the best but weak, and are never met with in purely literary circles, however interesting they may be to a certain small section of the religious world, and they will, there can be little doubt, die with the writer.
MRS. L. (REDHILL).—Any bookbinder would bind them neatly in cloth for you at 2s. 6d. or 3s. per volume. The advertisements could not well be removed.

MISS E. C. J.—A short dress with a sleeveless sailor jacket trimmed with white or blue ribbon, which the style for your brown gingham boating suit. Make the white brilliant with blue dot similarly, adding an upper skirt, and trimming with ruffles bound with blue Chambray. You should have a short goared skirt for your nanook, with trimming to match the waist.

ALLIE.—Your "simple muslin, white with blue figure," should have a goared skirt just under the floor, trimmed with three straight ruffles. The blouse waist has a square Raphael yoke of puffs drawn on a cord. A double ruffle edges the yoke. The neck is cut in the shape of a V, and frilled with Valenciennes lace. Coat-sleeve. Wide sash of many loops of blue ribbon or of silk pinked.

MATON (SUSSEX).—There are various good receipts for bread making at home, and some of the best of them have been published in our columns. We append one for best bread that has stood the test of experience in many a family:—For a family of four persons take three quarts of sifted flour; put it into an earthen bowl or crock (tin makes the bread heavy, and should never be used); make a hole in the middle of the flour, and into this pour one quart of lukewarm milk and water, and a pint of the quart being new milk (not skimmed, or it will turn rancid), which has previously been boiled and allowed to cool; with a large spoon gently mix the flour into the milk and water until it is stiff enough to drop slowly from the spoon; beat it well but gently for at least twenty minutes; add about two tablespoonfuls of salt, free from lumps, and beat well again, taking care to leave at least the depth of an inch of flour between the sponge and basin; for your sponge must be completely encased in flour at the sides, and, as far as possible, at the bottom too; a little practice will soon teach any one the knack of stirring the sponge well, and at the same time not displacing the flour. It is now time to add the yeast, which, if it is "baker's," should be about a coffee-cupful, but if home made, not more than three-fourths full. After the yeast goes in beat the sponge very little; a good stirring to mix it well in all that is necessary. Cover it well on top with flour; place a muslin cloth across the top of the basin, a board on that, and set it away to rise. In summer make the sponge about ten o'clock, and in winter about seven in the evening. The next morning your sponge will look lumpy; but stir it well, gradually working in the rest of the flour in the basin. Our informant says that taking a spoon at first, instead of putting the hands into it at once. When it becomes too stiff for that, then put your hands to it, working it well over and under, first one side and then another of the spongy mass (adding more flour if it is inclined to be too

sticky), until it seems to have a life of its own, and rebels against such treatment. This working should take you about an hour, and on it more than anything else depends the quality of your bread. Your basin, meanwhile, should be well washed and dried, and in it put the dough, which must rise again; this will take about three hours; try it, however, and if it seems to yield readily to your finger, and springs up again, it is time to put it into the bakers' pans. They must be greased at the bottom and sides. Mould the dough into loaves, working it very little—only enough to shape it—and in about twenty minutes put it into the oven, which should be of moderate heat at first, gradually increasing it until it is hot enough to brown it. If the oven is too hot at first it crusts the bread at once and hinders its rising. A medium-sized loaf requires an hour and a half to bake it; and if properly managed, when taken from the oven it will be a beautiful golden brown in colour, most tempting to the sight.

F.—If you insist upon altering your light silk with court train, make of it a short dancing dress trimmed with flounces. A mantle of Swiss muslin, or a white organdy shawl looped high on the shoulders, will convert it into a street suit for summer weather. Trim your black cloth with bias bands of the same piping, with green braid.
IRENE.—A corn-coloured satin for a tall brunette would look well made with a short skirt and reactionary train belted on. High corsage with square neck. Maria Theresa sleeves. Trim with quillings of white satin covered with iron. Pearls will look best for a bride with this dress. Ornaments of rose-coloured coral—not of the palest shade—will also be in good taste.

BESSIE HONEYUCKLE.—As you have but one satin in your trousseau, let that be your white wedding dress, selecting for a dinner dress a pale blue gros grain trimmed with ruffles of erape and Valenciennes lace. In Paris elegant simplicity is the fashion for wedding toilettes, exemplified thus: Rich white satin with illusion frills without lace, and orange flowers for the only ornaments. High corsage for church weddings, and long train. Make your blue silk with short petticoat and separate train belted on. In a crowd the train is carried on the left arm. Wear a coiffure of tresses with this dress.

MILLIE AND CORA.—Braid your back hair in thick "three plaits," crossing them backward and forward, and tie with ribbon. Comb it back from the forehead in loose waves.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Make your lawn dress with a blouse waist and sabot sleeves, trimmed with a double ruffle at the wrists and neck. Short goared skirt with goared front width, a narrow gore each side, and three full breadths. Trim with one wide ruffle or three narrow ones.

CORA D.—As upper skirts and ruffles are not becoming to you, make your gray poplin with a single skirt, short peplum, and sash. Scallop the edges of the peplum and sash in shallow scallops, and bind with maroon silk. Trim the skirt with bias strips of the material, each three inches wide; the lower edge is scalloped, the upper headed by a silk fold, or else a ruche of maroon ribbon. This trimming, set plainly around the skirt with two inches of space between each strip, will not add anything to your breadth. Plain high waist and coat-sleeves. Gray and maroon together are fashionable, but if the contrast is not becoming to you, use darker gray silk for trimming. Make your younger sister's dresses just to the top of her Polish boots.

ANNE H.—The height of fashion dictates the entire absence of crinoline skirts—merely a panier being used. The style requires small hoops sufficient to support the dress skirt. Care is always taken that the hoops are not large enough to make others aware that they are worn. Short dress skirts measure three and a half yards round. Trained skirts are from five to seven yards wide, according to the length of the train.

ARALIA.—We are not disposed to give directions for taking arsenic as a cosmetic. Suffice it to say that it is a dangerous practice, which should be wholly let alone.

W. W.—A gentleman who escorts a lady to a ball does not therefore acquire a prescriptive right over her for the whole evening, and is neither by right nor courtesy entitled to monopolise her company. It is decidedly in good taste for her occasionally to promenade and dance with other gentlemen, reserving for him the privilege of the first dance, attendance at supper, and such special attentions. A man must be a churl indeed who could, in a fit of pique, abandon a lady at a ball who had entrusted herself to his care, and leave her to find her way home as best she might; and any one who could approve his course would fall in the same category.

Our Exchange.

[For regulations, &c., see our Number for July 31.]

WANTED, a music what-not in exchange for music.—DELTA.
I WISH for Mlle. Riego's "Lace Instructor," Kieble's "Christian Year," and "The History of Lace." Will give other books, of which a list shall be forwarded.—LITTLE PET.
I SHOULD like to obtain, in exchange for work patterns collected from all the best sources, English and foreign, some real Maltese lace.—BUTTERFLY.

WANTED, a set of red curtains; may be old, but must be good. Please state wants.—WIREFORM.
I WISH for six small crest designs, of which I can offer twelve good crests and four designs.—CORALIE.

Letters have been forwarded to "Saucy Kate" and "Puck."

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869.

AN interesting piece of news comes from Paris that has a claim upon our space—namely, the distribution, on Thursday, last week, of prizes at the school in the Rue de Turenne, one of the educational institutions under the direction of the Society for the Professional (or more correctly Industrial) Education of Women. The society to which we refer is the well-known Société pour l'Enseignement Professionnel des Femmes, and the meeting took place in the garden of the establishment in the Rue de Turenne, and was presided over by Madame Jules Simon, who was supported on the occasion by Mesdames Millard, Cohn, Morellet, and other ladies whose names are well known in connexion with

this particular educational movement. A great many gentlemen were present—men of science and letters, advocates, and artists. Among others were present MM. Garnier-Pagès, Jules Simon, the Count d'Estampes, and Dr. Hébert. The proceedings were opened by Madame Jules Simon, delivering an address, of which we subjoin an extract to show the basis upon which the industrial and broad, as opposed to the ecclesiastical and narrow, education of women is being advocated and carried out not only in Paris but also in other large towns of the French empire. Hear Madame la Présidente :—

You will doubtless be surprised, my dear children, to hear that the opening of this institution aroused the most violent opposition. Some people have brought against us the curious complaint that we not only teach you hygienics, botany, and chemistry, but also show you how to turn to pecuniary profit your knowledge of these subjects. Strange, is it not, that the acquisition of scientific knowledge, and the practical application of that knowledge, should be regarded as blameworthy and hurtful? The profession of sick-nurse seems to us to be one of those peculiarly fitted for the mental endowments of women. Pay attention to hygienics, and to the ways of rendering the home prosperous and comfortable; devote yourselves to children, studying their peculiar ways, so that you may the better be able to take care of their health; soothe the infirmities of the old, which is a duty so natural to woman that we see her performing it in all families where there is such duty to be done—performing it always with pleasure and good-will, but not always with sufficient light. From this point—the discharge of a common family duty—and the undertaking the profession of a trained sick-nurse as a means of gaining a livelihood, there is in respect of fitness only the difference of the instruction you receive here.

Madame Simon concluded her address with the following hortatory and encouraging words :—

In addition to attention to work, which is your necessary future, you must cultivate good morals, of which you have had the precepts and good examples in this place. Do your duty, even when that duty is painful. Labour! and when you find your work too hard, come back among us to recruit your energies (*vous retremper*); here you will always find affection, support, and that sweet fraternity which makes life better and more easy to bear.

Our musical readers will be amused by a curious account which a Vienna paper gives of the refreshments which the singers at the opera there are in the habit of taking between the acts to keep their voices in good order. Each singer, it appears, has his or her own peculiar specific. The Swedish tenor, Labatt takes "two salted cucumbers" for a dose, and declares that this vegetable is the best thing in the world for strengthening the voice, and giving it "the true metallic ring." The other singers, however, do not seem to be of this opinion. Sontheim takes a pinch of snuff and drinks cold lemonade; Wachtel eats the yolk of an egg beaten up with sugar; Steger, "the most corpulent of tenors," drinks "the brown juice of the gambrianus;" Walter, cold black coffee; Niemann, champagne; and Tichatchek, mulled claret. Ferenczy, the tenor, smokes one or two cigars, which his colleagues regard as so much poison. Mile. Braun-Brini takes after the first act a glass of beer, after the third and fourth a cup of *café au lait*, and before the great duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots* always a bottle of Moët Crémant Rosé. Nachbaur munches bonbons during the performance; Ribsam, the baritone, drinks mead; Mitterwurzer and Kindermann suck dried plums; Robinson, another baritone, drinks soda-water; Fornes takes porter, and Arabanek Gumpoldskirchner wine! The celebrated baritone Beck, on the other hand, takes nothing at all, and refuses to speak. Draxler smokes Turkish tobacco and drinks a glass of beer. Another singer, Dr. Schmid, regulates his diet according to the state of his voice at the time. Sometimes he drinks coffee, sometimes tea, and a quarter of an hour afterwards lemonade, mead, or champagne, taking snuff between whiles, and eating apples, plums, and dried bread—a very liberal arrangement! This account has called forth a letter from a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who affirms that from his long acquaintance with artists, native and foreign, he can testify as to their moderation, both in eating and drinking, whilst preparing for, or in the performance of, their duties. They dine early on the day they sing, they take as little as possible, and they receive very few visitors before they have to sing. "But then the suppers are something to see—their appetites are awful after the evening's excitement. As a general rule they take little or nothing between the acts, but some of them require stringent stimulants if not strong ones. Malibran never sang better than when she had drunk at least a pot of porter out of the pewter-pot. The more difficult the music the larger the quantity; and the odd anecdote related of her by Bunn, the Drury-lane Theatre lessee, that she could never delineate the thirst of the desert scene in Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, except she had a quart of porter concealed behind the sand mound, is quite authentic. Grisi drank always bottles of Dublin stout between the acts, and if she had to sing a stormy character the dose was strengthened. French singers prefer 'eau sucrée,' the Spaniards take strong cups of chocolate, followed by glasses of water, sugared and lemoned. The Germans are described in the Vienna papers pretty correctly. The Italians like eggs beat up simply or with wine. The Continental singers are certainly more careful and abstemious than the English

in their dietary arrangements. Many native artists with noble voices have been ruined in health and vitiated in style by singing at our public dinners."

The opposition of domestic servants to the cold mutton is proverbial, but now they seem to have extended in a very marked manner their dislike to *rechauffés*. Thus, in the course of the proceedings at Lambeth Police-court a few days ago, arising out of a difference between Colonel Rich, the inspector of railways, and his butler, some observations were made by the housemaid respecting "hashed mutton" which deserve attention, if only as showing the spirit of the below-stairs. One of the butler's grievances was that on Sunday fortnight, what was left from the previous day had been made into a hash for the servants' dinner, and, to aggravate matters, "there was a venison pasty for the Colonel, but he (the butler) had none of it." The housemaid's evidence proved that on the day of the unpleasantness, "about two o'clock, the servants sat down to hashed meat for dinner. Witness ate but little, as she felt annoyed because they had no roast beef or pudding." We may, therefore, take it for granted, remarks a contemporary, in an ironical strain, that Colonel Rich's servants were not "altogether fond of *rechauffés*, but there is to our minds a vast difference between the butler and the housemaid. The latter made no complaint of the gallant Colonel's venison pasty. If there had been 'roast beef and pudding' she would have been perfectly satisfied; and as it was, whatever internal agony she endured at the sight of 'hash,' she uttered no groan, no trace of emotion was visible on her face, but like a good girl she bore her suffering in silence and merely 'ate little.' The butler had as much right to complain that he was not an inspector of railways as to envy his master's venison pasty, and besides, he knew the liberal scale on which the household was conducted, for we learn that at five o'clock on the afternoon of the disturbance, his wife, having had words with him, 'took up a saucepan of hot pea-soup and poured some on him.' Truly this is an age of progress, and there are others besides Canadians, for whose wants Miss Rye would so bountifully provide, who find it difficult now-a-days to get and keep good servants.

Breach of promise cases are not, as a rule, either particularly edifying or entertaining, and we do not envy the reader who can find pleasure in wading through the dreary monotonous details; but a case tried at Liverpool last week, and reported at great length even in the leading journal, certainly appears an exception to the rule, and is so thoroughly unique that we can scarcely pass it over. The plaintiff was a Miss Kate Fleming, a young lady twenty years of age, the second daughter of the late Mr. Fleming, of Glasgow, a well-known accountant, and the defendant, Mr. James Elliott Thompson, the son of a shipbuilder of Sunderland, who was twenty-four years of age. The engagement between the two parties took place in the spring of 1868, and from that time until February in the present year an extensive correspondence, amounting, it was stated, to 111 letters, went on between them. The earlier ones written by the defendant contained many expressions of affection for the plaintiff, but gradually his letters appear to have assumed a more matter-of-fact tone, and he began to discuss the question of providing furniture, linen, and plate for their future establishment; and now comes the interesting climax! In January in the present year he wrote to Mr. Acheson, the lady's brother-in-law, about linen, and a settlement, observing that he was not in a position to make the latter, nor did he see its necessity; but the linen, he thought, ought to be provided at once. Miss Fleming wrote to the defendant, telling him that if he would send her 50*l.* she would get all that was necessary in the way of linen, and the balance of the money she would, with his permission, appropriate to the purchase of a few things for herself. On the 13th of January the defendant, who was stated by the plaintiff's counsel to have 1,200*l.* a-year, wrote thus: "I am sorry to say I am disappointed in the way this engagement of ours has turned out. I think I have been deceived about many things. In linen I understood you had the greater portion of it, and it now turns out that everything except table napkins would have to be bought. The list of silver you have sent will not be sufficient. Acheson and you gave me to understand that you had the whole of it, and you have often told my sisters that you got the whole your father had, and I know he had a great deal. How about antimacassars, &c.? You do not say anything about them, and these are things you could have worked yourself if you had felt at all inclined. Had I known you were making no effort to do things for yourself I might have got my sisters to have worked them. Was it Acheson who told you to ask me for 50*l.* to buy linen, and spend the remainder over yourself? If he did he ought to think shame of himself. I am thoroughly disgusted. I was not aware until lately that I was expected to provide clothing for the lady before marriage. I cannot express to you how much I am disappointed, and I think it better for both parties if this marriage were broken

off." Miss Fleming replied, expressing the "pain and mortification" she felt on receiving this "harsh and cruel letter," and the defendant then endeavoured to get the plaintiff to assent to a rescinding of their engagement by mutual consent, but failing in this he at length plainly refused to marry Miss Fleming, and on March 26 married another lady. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff with 1,500*l.* damages.

Householders who are wise will make a note, at least mentally, of a little episode of the police-courts last week, and they might do worse in many cases than recount the circumstances for the guidance of their servants. At the Clerkenwell police-court, then, Mary Newman, aged twenty-six, who refused her address, and is said to have been "fashionably attired in a black silk dress and visite, and having an 'Elizabeth ruffe' round her throat," was charged with stealing a quantity of silver and plated property from the house of Dr. Ballard, medical officer of health for Islington. She went to Dr. Ballard's house, knocked at the door, and told the servant who opened it that she was a relative of Dr. Ballard's and desired to see him. She was told the Doctor was out, and she said she would wait. She was shown into the dining-room, and, according to the servant's statement, was not left alone for more than two or three minutes at a time, the housemaid from the first "suspecting that she was not a lady." The prisoner seemed very familiar, knew everything in the house, and knew that Dr. and Mrs. Ballard were away from home. After waiting about twenty minutes the prisoner said she should like to go. The housemaid let her out, and then went to the dining-room and found that the whole of the plate had been taken out of the basket, the basket having been removed from a cupboard. The prisoner was pursued and overtaken, and given into custody. The stolen plate was found on her, with a bunch of skeleton keys, and she was committed for trial.

New Books.

The Gates Ajar. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Edited by the Author of "Alwyn Morton." London: Sampson Low.

THIS is a tasteful reprint of an American book, and many a reader will heartily thank the anonymous English editor for making it known in this country. It is indeed a beautiful work—beautiful alike in the polished, yet natural flow of its diction, in the tender devotional spirit it breathes throughout, and the healthful and hopeful inspiring nature of its teaching. It is the diary of a young lady who suddenly lost her brother, of whom she was passionately fond, during the recent American struggle—who, bowed down beneath the first crushing weight of her sorrows, suffered horribly from the persecutions of well-meaning but injudicious friends and acquaintances, under that most exquisite of inquisitions to a stricken spirit, the promiscuous condolence system—and who at length found in her widowed aunt, whom she had not seen for many years, a wise and tender comforter, who led her on, as only a truly Christian gentlewoman could do, step by step, till she could acknowledge with loving confidence that the hand which had smitten was that of a Father too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Yet the least charming feature of the little book is the distinctiveness and individuality with which its leading characters stand out—each performing his part in a way that makes the reader feel he is perusing an uncommon record of actual experience, a beautiful Christian biography, rather than a made-to-order book of the ordinary stamp, in which the "goodness" is far more marked than either the common-sense or cultivation, or the true religion of the writer. One can scarcely fail to entertain, for instance, a real, living interest in gentle Winifred, that is not essentially womanly, yet can discourse thoughtfully about fate and free-will, who is not ignorant of politics, talks intelligently of Agassiz's latest fossil, and quotes Strauss and Neander, besides being well read in the general literature of our time—familiar with Tennyson and Browning, Whately and Alford, Longfellow and Bonar; nor would we, on the other hand, willingly spare Dr. Bland and Deacon Quirk, little as we may agree with them on general matters.

The writer, perhaps, carries her theories of heaven a little too far, the material paradise which she sketches leading her, if one were inclined to push on her generalisations to their legitimate conclusion, into occasional absurdities; but, after all, she has not gone so far even in this direction as the author of "Life in Heaven," and these other works immensely inferior to hers that have achieved a considerable popularity. We wonder whether Miss Phelps, or Aunt Winifred, ever met with the little poem that Dean Alford has devoted to the subject of heaven in the pleasant volume of verse published in his younger days, and which is by no means so well known as it should be. We have not the book at hand as we write, but the portion of the poem to which we refer runs as follows, and we doubt not many of our readers will sympathise with its teaching. Imagine, then, a bright spring scene: a mossy bank, near which a young mother sits with her babe and an elder child :—
Child. Mamma, will the weather be as fine in heaven?
Mother. Thanks for that earthly question. I was growing Mindless of that great spring which knows no check.
Yes, little prattler, you may fancy heaven
A sky for ever—a laughing sun
That knows no flitting shadows—a fair lawn
Besprinkled with your favourite flowers, and birds
Pouring around their gushing melodies;
And you, and this soft little one, and me,

forwarded with perfect safety.

London & Paris Fashions, Coilet, &c.



No changes worth recording have taken place in the world of fashion since last we wrote, but in a few days we are promised several novelties by Paris modistes, and these will be duly chronicled in our pages. In the meantime we may add, as supplementary to the descriptive details in our last number, a few notes on the progress of fashion in household requisites. First, however, a hint or two on the subject of children's dresses may be acceptable; and we therefore select a few youthful toilettes

that are figured in *La Toilette des Enfants*. The first is for a baby two or three years old.—Frock of white piqué ornamented above the hem with an embroidery in braid. Low square body, bordered with a narrow bias of the same piqué. Short puffing sleeves. Little scarf laid on the left shoulder and tied at the right side, under the arm. This scarf is made of a band of piqué very narrow in the part that crosses over the body, but it becomes wider from the fastening, and terminates in two square ends. A small bouquet worked in braid decorates each of these ends, which are edged with a narrow English embroidery, as well as the lower side of the scarf. Hat of Belgian straw bordered with a white ribbon. A similar ribbon crosses the top of the crown and forms a bow, the two ends of which fall back very low. A small bouquet of forget-me-not ornaments the front. White ribbed socks, white glazed boots buttoned at the side.

Little Boy, from four to five years of age.—Short skirt of nankin, plaited all round in great plaits, except in front, where it is plain. On this plain part there are three groups of embroidery worked in black braid. Similar groups ornament the bottom of the skirt above the hem, on each plait.—Small paletot veston of nankin worked at top and bottom of each front in the same manner as the skirt. A row of small black buttons on the right side completes it. It is fastened at top by the four first buttons, and then opens a little and discloses a small waistcoat of nankin edged with black and buttoned with black buttons. There are at the bottom two small points. The sleeves are long and tight, and ornamented at the bottom with a little worked group similar to the others. Sailor collar in plain cambric; blue silk cravat; hat with narrow brims edged with blue, and a round crown with ribs made of brown holland. White stockings; half boots in corduan leather.

Little Girl, from five to six years old.—First skirt of pearl grey Japonais ornamented with a plaiting of the same material, and bordered with a narrow currant-red ribbon,

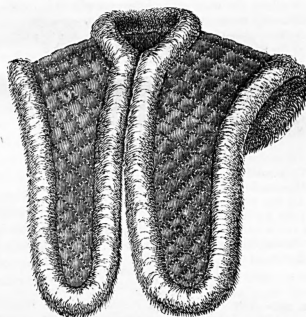


Fig. 1.

which embraces both sides of the stuff. A small red button fixes each fold of the plaiting. Four small bows without ends, piped with red, ornament the front of the skirt. Second skirt-tunic of the same material. This skirt is rounded at the bottom, and reaches down to the flounce of the first skirt. It is cut out in the whole contour, in undulating scallops, edged, like the plaiting, with a red ribbon. A red button ornaments the inside of each scallop. A small bow similar to those of the front, but placed in the contrary way, fixes a few small plaits. Grey waistband edged with red, and tied behind with a bow without ends. The body is high at the shoulders and sloping at the back and on the breast; it is scalloped and edged in the same manner as the tunic. A breast piece edged with red completes the body. Very short sleeves

likewise scalloped and ornamented with buttons. A small bow without ends on each shoulder. High chemisette and long sleeves worked round the neck and at the wrists. Primrose-coloured gloves. Round toque of Leghorn straw bordered with black velvet. A bow made of red taffetas ribbon, placed on one side and raising up, forms the basis of a large black tuft composed of cock feathers which bend backwards. White stockings, grey boots.

Little Girl, from seven to eight years of age.—Short skirt of saphir blue taffetas trimmed with a flounce plaited in large flutes. A blue silk fringe with a festooned head surmounts the flounce at a very little interval, in front and behind, but is raised at the sides. Mantelet pelerine, forming round sleeves, which are fastened under the arm, whilst at the back it forms a round cape fixed at the waist by the rosette which ties the sash. The mantelet is completed by two square ends which pass under the waist-

man may stand with his whole weight on the ice-shelf without injuring it.

An improved fluting and crimping machine, called the Climax, has a clamp moved by the foot, for separating the revolving cylinders when placing ruffles between. A crank, turned by hand, makes the cylinders revolve. Among kitchen wares is yet another ingenious egg-beater, and a lemon-squeezer with porcelain lining. A new Dutch oven, called the self-basting, has a perforated groove at the top. The juice of the meat is ladled into this groove, whence it slowly drips on the meat below. Fruit stands of retinned wire, in open patterns displaying the fruit, are sold. These are prettier than flat trays for large fruits, such as peaches and apples. Others lined with coloured glass are being made for smaller fruits.

A convenience for the toilette is a looking-glass reflector to be attached to the mirror, and capable of being adjusted to any angle necessary to see the back hair when arranging it. An amusing novelty is a street reflector, which is attached to the window, enabling persons in the house to watch passers-by without being seen from without. It is found useful to watch children playing in the street. A Duchesse toilette-table of white holly-wood, with gilt tracings, is draped with white lace and cherry ribbon. A slab of white marble is below the glass, and the brackets are covered with cherry velvet.

Furniture in imitation of bamboo is greatly used for summer. Elegant reception-chairs are of round, slender gilt sticks, upholstered with bright-coloured satin, or with white brocade with gay bouquets. Plain chairs are of black or scarlet lacquered wood, with gilt mouldings.

OUR FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

AUTUMN CAPE.

Fig. 1 is a pretty design for an autumn cape, to be made in white, black, cerise, or blue satin, and edged all round with swansdown. It can be worn equally well indoors over a low bodice or a muslin Garibaldi, or in the evening over the mantle. The evenings now are chilly, and there are moon fogs that render articles of this kind very acceptable. The satin is quilted.

DRESS EXPANDER.

Fig. 2 represents the article now generally used to expand dresses behind; it is made of five rows of grey horse-hair crinoline. A plain piece of the crinoline is first cut, the shape of the figure; it is bound with tape; upon this the five rows of frills are sewn, one above another. Any one can make the expander at home. It is bound in every place where it is cut. The material is the same as those used for horsehair under-skirts twenty years ago.

Our Work-Table.

SATIN-STITCH, OR VARIEGATED EMBROIDERY.

(Continued, from "Harper's Bazaar.")

MANNER OF WORKING THE DIFFERENT STITCHES.—Diagonal satin stitch, Fig. 4, is worked diagonally, the

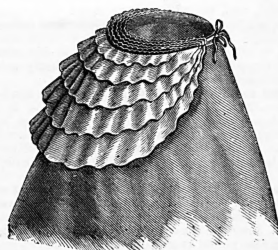


Fig. 2.

degree of variation from the straight line depending on the shape of the figures, but the direction of the stitches must be changed gradually, and not suddenly, by running the needle in and out the material greater or lesser distances from the previous stitch. The stitch extends from one outline to the opposite one.

Straight satin stitch, Figs. 5-8, is worked similarly, only the stitches must run horizontally or perpendicularly straight from one outline to the other. In shading, the following directions must be particularly noted; begin, generally, with the lightest shade of the colour, and work in order from this to the darkest. In order to make this transition from one shade to another less abrupt, work in the light shade several stitches of the next darker in different lengths (see Figs. 9-12), in doing which the needle

band and ornament the front of the skirt. A fringe similar to the one described before edges the contours of the mantelet. White habit-shirt with a collar, terminating in two embroidered corners; cuffs to match. White clip hat with a high crown, bordered with a broad white plaiting and ornamented at the top by a tuft of white and blue feathers. A white bow with long ends completes the hat behind. White stockings, grey boots, very light brown gloves in dog-skin.

Little Girl, from five to six years old, in Bathing Costume.—Zouave pantaloons in thin grey flannel or mohair, tied below the knee, where there is a ruche of cherry-red ribbon. Very short petticoat in similar stuff, edged with a ruche to correspond. Little basquine, the fronts of which are rounded, also in flannel or mohair, and edged likewise with a ruche. Body high at the back and shoulders, but low and square in front. A red ruche turns round the neck of the body and the apertures of the arms. The body is fastened with three small red buttons and the waist-band is tied at the side with a rosette. Hair flowing, thrown back and tied with a red ribbon.

Now for a word on

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTIES.

The following are to be met with on the Continent and in America, and will doubtless, therefore, soon find their way into London houses, if they have not, at least in part, already done so.

A new refrigerator differs from others in construction and in the manner of applying the ice, which is powdered and mixed with salt. The advantages claimed for it are that it consumes less ice than others, and that its temperature may be controlled. The ice and salt compound are placed in a receptacle at the back, and the adjacent chamber for provisions may be made cold enough to freeze anything within it, or, what is more important, of the precise temperature necessary to arrest decay in the provisions, and preserve them without freezing. The air in this chamber is wholly dry—all the moisture that would promote decay being frozen. A separate receptacle is arranged for holding ice for table use. This patent is shown in two styles, the upright closet and the chest shape.

Among long-tried refrigerators the "Nonpareil" is a favourite for family use. It is closet-shaped with the ice compartment on the top, and tinued wire shelves below for meat, fruits, and vegetables. A wine cooler, with separate lock and key, is attached to the more expensive refrigerators. The "Excelsior," very similar to the refrigerator just described, is so substantial that a

must always be run from the under side up and between the stitches already worked.

The interwoven satin stitch, Fig. 9-14, may be either plain or diagonal, and is used in shading. After working a row either of plain or diagonal stitch, this is worked, as already described, by putting the needle always from underneath upward between the stitches already worked, except in such work as Fig. 14, where the shades are sharply divided; in which case they are worked in unaltered direction (see Fig. 14).

The other stitches we will describe in our next number.
(To be continued.)

TATTED MUSIC-STOOL COVER.

Tat from the picture, using Walter Evans and Co.'s bear's-head cotton, No. 20, and Walker's bone shuttle, medium size. The small round, in the middle of the centre, and the trefoils, are worked first; then work the rounds that surround these and the trefoils. The rounds in the border to the centre are worked next; then the straight border between these rounds. The medallions in the scalloped edge are worked separately, and joined afterwards by the small ovals. The rounds in the border are next worked, and to finish, the straight edge of the scallops from round to round.

Little Dinners.

LETTERS TO MY NIECE.—XII.

By MARGARET HOPE,

Author of "Many Shades of Life," "For Better, for Worse," &c.

BILL OF FARE FOR AUGUST OR SEPTEMBER.

Vegetable-marrow Soup.

Filletts of Salmon.

Stewed Beef.

Brains à la Sauce Tomates.

Snow.

Orange Pudding.

VEGETABLE-MARROW SOUP.

Put two or three vegetable-marrows, quartered and

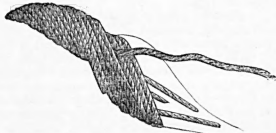


Fig. 11.—MANNER OF MAKING INTERWOVEN SATIN STITCH UNDERLAID FLAT.—(See Fig. 29.)

cored, into a stewpan with an ounce of butter, an onion, and a little pepper and salt, and half a pint of stock. Boil gently until done, then rub them through a sieve, and add a quart of good white stock, half a pint of milk or cream, and two lumps of sugar. Fried crusts may be served with it, as for green-pea soup.

FILLETS OF SALMON.

Cut the fillets from the tail end of the fish, not less than half an inch thick; dissolve a little butter and dip each

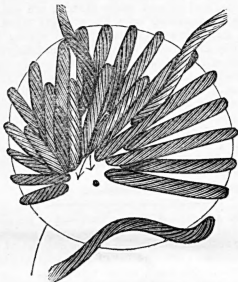


Fig. 13.—MANNER OF MAKING INTERWOVEN SATIN STITCH WITHOUT UNDERLAYING.

piece in it. When set, brush over with yolk of egg, sift very fine raspings over them, and lightly pepper and salt. Then fry them in butter, turning them as soon as one side is a light golden colour. Arrange the fillets neatly on a dish, and pour round them a gravy made as follows: Take a cupful of rich brown gravy, thicken it, and then warm up in it some chopped gherkins, cucumber, or other hot pickle; or, if the gravy is well seasoned, and a little LADY'S OWN sauce added to it, pickled mushrooms may be used.

STEWED BEEF.

The best part for this dish is unquestionably that which contains the most sinew; choose, therefore, what some people call the roll of a shin of beef—that is, the portion nearest the hoof, and which, when cut out whole, will weigh from two to three pounds. Trim off the ends, if there is much gristle, and use them to make stock. Put the beef into a large stewpan, with as much weak stock or water as will half cover it. Pepper and salt thickly the upper side of the meat, and lay over it six or eight onions, two carrots, a turnip, and a sprig of parsley. Let it simmer one hour and a half, then turn the beef and let it simmer another hour and half, by which time the meat should be perfectly tender, with the sinews like jelly, but if at all ragged the dish is spoiled.

Some meat takes longer than others but always allow three hours, as it is all the better, if done before the time, for standing at a low heat in its gravy. When the vegetables are perfectly tender take them out, chop them up, season nicely, and set them in a small saucepan with a bit of butter, and just before they are required to garnish the dish put them on the

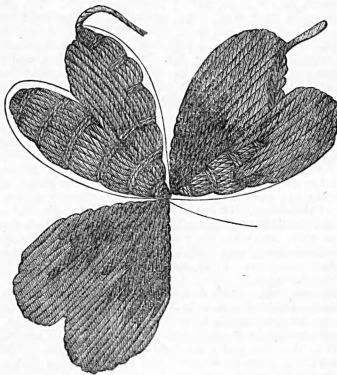


Fig. 9.—MANNER OF MAKING SHADED LEAF, UNDERLAID IN RELIEF, IN INTERWOVEN SATIN STITCH.

stove to warm. When the beef is done take it out and set it on the stove with a basin over it to keep just warm. Skim, season, and thicken the gravy, and add half a teaspoonful of India soy. Then return the beef and let it simmer a quarter of an hour. Put the garnish of vegetables round the dish in little heaps. This will be found a most delicious and economical dish. If made the day before it is wanted it is equally good, and will then only require to be simmered for half an hour.

BRAINS À LA TOMATE.

It is generally necessary to bespeak sets of sheep's brains, which ought not to cost more than 3d. a set; four will make a nice dish. Wash them gently in warm water so as not to break the skin, then put them to simmer in a quart of a pint of stock, well seasoned with an onion, a bit of lemon peel and parsley. The brains will be done in about half an hour and when the tomato sauce is ready, put them in.

SAUCE TOMATE.

Take four fine tomatoes, slice them into a stewpan, with an ounce of butter, two large onions sliced, three sharp apples peeled, cored, and quartered, and a teaspoonful of salt. Let this simmer gently until the onions are tender. It must not remain too long on the stove, or the bitterness of the tomato-seed will be extracted. When ready, rub all through the sieve, using two spoons, one to press the mixture through, and the other to remove it underneath the sieve. If properly rubbed through, the purée will be as thick as good apple sauce, and perfectly smooth. Return it to the clean stewpan, and let it boil up, then put in the brains and let them remain in ten minutes before serving on a hot water dish, if you have one.

SNOW.

Boil half a pint of milk with a laurel or bay leaf. Pour it boiling on the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, sweeten, and put the custard into a jar. Set it in a saucepan of water, stir it until well thickened, then take off the fire, stir occasionally until nearly cold, then add two tablespoonfuls of brandy or curaçoa. When cold put the custard into a deep glass dish, and lay the snow on it as you make it. Beat the whites of the eggs, with a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, to a very strong froth; have boiling in a frying-pan half a pint of milk and water, and put on it, a tablespoonful at a time, the snow mixture. Let it simmer, and pile it up on the custard as each piece becomes set. It should present a very pretty rocky appearance, exactly like snow. If you choose you may put a few preserved cherries round the edge of the dish. Serve when perfectly cold.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Put through a tin strainer a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, chop very fine two ounces of suet, mix up with one ounce of butter, quarter of a pound of sifted loaf sugar, two eggs, and half a pound of orange marmalade. Grease a mould or basin, put in the pudding, cover with a paper cap or cloth, and steam it for three hours.

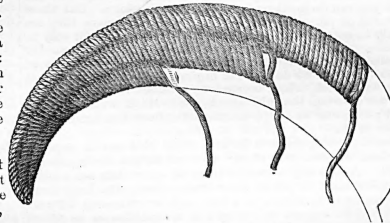


Fig. 14.—MANNER OF MAKING INTERWOVEN SATIN STITCH WITHOUT UNDERLAYING.

Serve with sugar sifted over it and the following sauce round the base.

ORANGE SAUCE.

Boil a dessertspoonful of marmalade in a quarter of a pint of water for ten minutes; mix one teaspoonful of corn-flour and one of flour in a dessertspoonful of cold

water, add to it four or five lumps of sugar, a good pinch of tartaric acid dissolved in a little hot water, and then stir in the boiling marmalade and water. Let it simmer up, and when finished put in a bit of butter the size of a walnut, and stir until dissolved.—Your affectionate aunt, MARGARET.

The Ladies' Garden.

WITH the advance of the growing season, the treatment of many pot-plants should undergo a change. A smaller quantity of water should be given to all greenhouse plants which have matured their growth, and which are now some-what at rest; while outdoors, where it is desired to prolong the bloom in the beds and borders, all seed-vessels should be promptly removed and a liberal supply of water given. In other cases, a sharp look-out must be kept upon the seed pods as they ripen, or not only will the seeds be wasted, but considerable after trouble may be given in the way of weeding &c.

A word on grass lawns will not be out of place, for the keeping of these, is, generally speaking, unsatisfactory. The "green turf," of which we are apt to boast as peculiar to this country, remarks a contemporary, may be regarded as one of our horticultural weaknesses, for the sole reason that when greenness is most wanted it is not green, and at all seasons of the year the majority of lawns present an extravagant proportion of daises, plantains, and dandelions, mixed with thin grass and occasional clover. As there are exceptions to all rules, so happily, although we fear it is the rule for garden turf to be badly kept, there are many exceptions to be met with, which serve to show that skill and patience can command a perfect greensward which a few days' fervid sunshine will not convert into the semblance of a worn-out door-mat. We have had but five weeks' hot and dry weather this season, and yet, ere the rains of August fell, the grass in thousands of gardens was already thin and brown, making the whole place unsightly and rendering the flowers obnoxious to the eye through the deficiency of greenness to tone down their glare of colour. It is a common article of belief that the poorer the soil the better for the turf, and that on a rich soil the turf will of necessity be coarse and weedy. The very opposite is the fact; grass needs good feeding. The constant mowing, if properly done, will very soon cure coarseness, and,



Fig. 10.—MANNER OF MAKING INTERWOVEN SATIN STITCH UNDERLAID FLAT.—[See Fig. 30.]

unless the soil is tolerably rich in phosphates, clover will not live long upon it. The appearance of daises is invariably a sign of poverty; as the grass dies out, daises take its place, and other and more objectionable weeds follow, and at last the turf becomes a disgrace to the garden which it is intended to adorn. It is a common blunder of persons who wish to renew a turf of this description to suppose that the sowing of grass-seeds will be sufficient. It is a great mistake; for, although the sowing of new seed may be followed by the growth of a new sward, it will last but a short time, and then, like the seed in the parable that was sown upon a rock, it will wither away. The mechanical part of keeping of lawns has received considerable attention, and yet there is still probable room for improvement. The introduction of

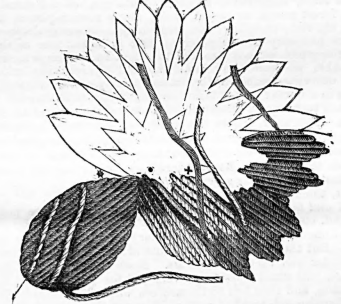


Fig. 12.—MANNER OF MAKING PLAIN SATIN STITCH WITHOUT UNDERLAYING.

the "Archimedean Lawn-mower" affords evidence in favour of the conclusion, that in the customary dressing and keeping there are many errors prevalent. Probably the turf is in many cases cut too close, and the roots are thereby too much exposed to the heat of the sun for the preservation of a fresh and bright appearance during droughty weather. On the other hand, allowing a long growth to accumulate and then cutting close is still more injurious. If we may use the phrase, we would say that a perpetual gentle shave is the process by which grass may be best kept, the machine being always set to cut rather higher than is the custom, and being used more frequently. When cut so close that the ground itself is almost pared, burning and browning must follow, and to the practice of cutting too close may be attributed much of the objectionable appearance of grass-turf in gardens.

A word as to general matters. The German aster is a first-class autumnal flower for towns, either for window boxes, pots, or borders; the dwarf varieties are particularly well adapted for boxes or pots, and can now be purchased at a very cheap rate. They should be removed with plenty of roots, which, however, should not be squeezed into a ball, but planted as removed from the nursery. The pink pippings that were put in to strike in June will now be well rooted, and should be planted out in beds six inches apart, or in the borders, three in a patch, four inches apart. The pompon chrysanthemum cuttings that were pinched back in July should now be planted

out; if planted in between the bedding plants they will follow up well and to no injury, and, if watered occasionally with liquid manure, will make a splendid bed of flowers in November. Window plants that have done flowering should have the old flower-shoots cut off down to the new shoot, and they should be shifted into larger pots or refreshed with new earth. Take the plants out of the pots, then trim off about an inch of the bottom and a portion all around the ball; put a little fresh earth in new pots, place in the plants, and fill up to within an inch of the top; give a moderate watering, and place them in the shade for a few days. Most of the herbaceous plants will now have done flowering, and, where an increased stock is wanted, they may be propagated by dividing the roots.

The *Gardener's Magazine* advises as follows, respecting indoor culture:—

Conservatory.—This structure ought now to be gay with balsams, zonal pelargoniums, liliums, fuchsias, and gladioli, and relieved with ferns and fine foliage plants. Water the balsams, geraniums, and fuchsias with manure-water, to maintain a steady growth, and thus prolong the flowering season. Climbers trained over the roof will now require regulating. Thin out a few of the weakest shoots where they are getting too thick, to enable those remaining to get thoroughly matured before winter.

Greenhouse.—Ericas, epacris, and other subjects of a like nature, must shortly have the protection of a cold frame, or they may be shifted into their permanent quarters direct, if means exist for giving them the advantage of a free circulation of air about them. Camellias must have careful attention as regards watering; and where the buds are set in clusters, thin them down to one to each shoot.

On Ferns and Fern-Growing.



PART VIII.—(Conclusion).

We hope the fair reader who has taken the trouble to follow us through these articles has not found them altogether devoid of interest and profit, albeit there are drawbacks incidental to the study. That they have bristled in parts with formidable and rather ugly-looking names—which are all the more aggravating, too, in connexion with so pleasant a subject as ferns, suggestive, as such plants are, of deliciously shady forest nooks, or weird, wild, rocky resting-places, to which the tired traveller turns with delight—we may deplore; but the necessity was imperative, and is indeed one of the penalties which science forces us to accept in exchange for its invaluable assistance in classifying and simplifying what would otherwise embarrass by its complexity. But, after all, what's in a name? and it is not so very difficult to commit a few such to memory, when the advantages they confer are so patent. And now, ere we regretfully bid the reader farewell, let us give the few general supplementary hints promised in our last number, once more thanking Mr. Williams for the valuable assistance he has rendered us by placing his book and illustrations at our service.

First, then, a word or two concerning—

Gold and Silver Ferns, the most beautiful plants we possess, and, considering their delicacy of structure, plants by no means difficult to cultivate, if ordinary attention be given to them. But then they must have this attention, and that not at irregular and varying intervals. None of the species, for instance, will stand being kept very wet for several weeks in succession, and then left to themselves until the fronds begin to wither through want of water. None of the ferns are more susceptible of injury from drought than these; if they once get dry, so that the fronds begin to flag, it is very seldom that they recover; and if they suffer for any length of time, it is equally seldom that the life of the plant itself is spared. Even when the loss of the foliage is the only loss to grieve over, the plants are a long time in recovering from the check they receive. Yet it is not surely such a very difficult matter to keep them properly supplied with water at the right time. The practice of going through the fernery, watering-pot in hand, and giving all a dose that come within reach, whether they need it or not, and then leaving them to chance for two or three days, will not do for these; they must have special attention, and that, too, at the right time. Hear the author of the "Fern Garden" on this subject:—"They are so superbly beautiful that people altogether unaccustomed to ferns buy them and put them in greenhouses, supposing that watering now and then is all that they want, and in the course of a month or so the plants that die, and an absurd inference is drawn from the occurrence certain that, in general, are impossible things. It is quite killed by ladies who pretend to love ferns, and really have no real care for them at all; but probably there are more gymnogrammas (gold and silver ferns) killed through absurd treatment than any other class of ferns whatever. Yet they require but little more care than most others; their peculiarity is that if that care is denied them they die outright." Their efficient treatment may be described in few words:

"The pots must never be larger than the plants can soon fill with roots. They must be very carefully drained by means of potsherds packed with the greatest care. The soil should consist of good fibrous peat and a large proportion of sharp silicious grit; silver sand is almost too fine, but must be used if nothing more granular is obtainable. The plants must be potted firmly, with the crowns well above the surface. As to moisture, none of them will bear much; to make them very wet at any time is to put them in jeopardy. But, on the other hand, to let them go dry is certain death. The principal enemies that make war against them as cultivated plants are imperfect drainage, heavy soil, cold, damp, and drought." Here are a few first-rate varieties, recommended by an experienced cultivator, Mr. Gray, of Kingston, and the only rule to guide the reader in selecting from amongst them is the expenditure that can be afforded for purchasing them. If two only are wanted, *G. chrysophylla* and *G. peruviana* (*crayophylla*) should be formed. The first is one of the very best of the section with gold fronds, and the other occupies the same position in the section of silver fronds. *G. Luteo-crena* is another grand golden species, and *G. Wettenhalliana* a very elegant companion in the silver class. *G. Massonii* (syn. *ochracea*) is perhaps the freest grower in the genus, and the fronds are very elegant, but not so distinctly golden as either of the others. *G. tartarea* is a fine silver fern, and one of the hardest of the genus. The above are a good half-dozen to begin with, and when their culture is thoroughly mastered, add *Nothochloa flava*, which is a gem of the first water, but difficult to grow. It is certainly the prettiest gold fern in existence.

Let us now pass outside to the hardy fern-garden, and here let Shirley Hibberd speak in his own pleasant way: "Outdoor ferneries are usually formed of tree roots and banks of earth, picturesquely disposed and planted with ferns severally adapted to the sites and positions the scheme affords. Where there are living trees on or near the spot (and the shade of large trees is desirable), the use of roots is objectionable, be-

selves to advantage when they are suspended, and hence a few hints on basket ferns may prove useful, the more especially as such ferns make noble objects for the conservatory or sun for sitting-rooms. Those species (writes Mr. Williams) such as *Coniophlebium aduncum*, *Adiantum*, *Chelidonium*, *Asplenium*, &c., &c., are magnificent objects when grown in this way, and add materially to the beauty and enjoyment of a fern-house. In a collection of ferns grown in a natural manner, plenty of spots present themselves—such as overhanging or projecting portions of the rockwork—where those species of pinnulous habit can be planted and have a fine effect, without resorting to baskets or hanging plants; but those most accessible of rockwork can beautify their houses by suspending the plants from the roof. A great mistake, and one that is frequently fallen into in choosing a basket, is to select one with an elaborate design worked in or upon it, for though it may look very pretty when purchased, if the plants thrive that are placed in it—and to this end they are so planted—and matter how elegant the pattern, very little of it will be discernible. Let it not be imagined, however, that any shape should not be studied. What is recommended is the selection of a basket with an elegant outline, never heeding the details of the pattern, for the outline is the only part distinguishable when the plants are growing vigorously in it. The baskets best adapted for the use in the fernery are those constructed of iron wire, for they do not rust, they are reasonable in price, and supply all that is needed for a basket. In preparing them for the plants, a thick layer of sphagnum moss should be placed next the wire at the sides and on the bottom, to prevent the soil washing through. The compost best suited for this purpose is a mixture of fibrous peat and chopped sphagnum moss, with the addition of some silver sand and rough charcoal. After planting, the whole should be well soaked with water before being placed in the basket; the plants will require, and enjoy, a gentle syringing over their fronds every day during the summer months, and the baskets should be taken down two or three times in the course of a week, to be thoroughly soaked with water.

For the sitting-room windows of the dwelling-house, also, ferns suspended in baskets have a charming appearance, but here a little difference must be made in the kind of basket to be used. It may be constructed of any material, size or pattern, and the ferns or other plants to be grown must be planted in a zinc pan made to fit it, and thoroughly drained. This prevents the disagreeable dripping of water which has caused this style of in-door gardening to fall into bad repute. The ferns to be used in such situations must be of a more hardy nature and constitution than those adapted for the tropical fern-house, and should be selected from those which are natives of temperate regions.

Ferns for the Flower-garden.—It is an acknowledged fact that the fronds of ferns, arranged with cut flowers, for vases and similar places, harmonise well; and also, that a bouquet kind have entered into its composition. Such being the case, how is it that amateurs, as a rule, have completely banished them from the flower-garden—why will they not have as good an effect when growing side by side? Ferns may be used in the flower-garden with advantage for edging, such plants as *Cyrtopogon*, *Polypodium vulgare* and some of its varieties, many of the forms of *Blechnum Spicatum*, or *Asplenium Trichomanes*, being admirably adapted for such purposes. If wanted for the centre of a bed, what can be finer than a group of *Struthiopteris*, *Athyrium Filix-femina*, or many of its varieties? If for second or third row plants, the geometrical garden, what could be more beautiful than some of the varieties of *Polystichum angulare*, or the crested forms of *Scolopendrium*, relieving their varied shades of green the dazzling and oppressive blaze of flowers which they surround. Then, again, at many places in the pleasure-ground where clumps of flowers are planted so that they are approached and seen unexpectedly, ferns, either grouped as a whole or in company with the flowers, would have a much better effect. Of course, they will not thrive or show themselves to advantage in bleak, exposed situations, neither will the pet bedding plants; but ferns will flourish where not many other plants could live—for instance, under the shade of a large tree, or where, if flowering plants, and indeed many shrubs, are planted, they only exist in a miserable way for a short time. For the decoration of small flower-gardens, where spring bedding is carried out, they are equally at home, for nothing could make a finer contrast with yellow, white, or blue crocuses, or any of the forms of *Blechnum Spicatum*, than a band of *Asplenium Trichomanes*, or *Polystichum angulare*, or *Asplenium Adnigrum*; for mixing with larger plants, such as *Chelidonium*, *Arabis*, *Alyssum*, or *Aubrietia*, the crested fern (*Lastrea Filix-mas cristata*), or the dwarf one (*L. Filix-mas pumilio*), or many others, could be used with splendid effect. Mr. Gibson, at Battersea-park, has given an idea of what can be done in this way.

And now, gentle reader, farewell.

WHERE ARE ALL THE PINS?—Numbers of people have entirely bewildered and stupefied themselves in endeavouring to arrive at some rational conclusion on the subject of pins. The statistical accounts of the number of pins turned out annually at Birmingham and Sheffield alone would lead one to expect that the earth itself would present the appearance of a vast pin cushion. Where are those pins of which the yearly fabrication is on so vast a scale? Pins are not consumed as an article of diet. Pins do not evaporate. Pins must be somewhere. All the pins which have been made since civilisation set in must be in existence in some shape or other; we ought to see nothing else, look in what direction we might, but pins. This is a puzzle, not to be solved with other countries, ought to be known deep in pins. Reader, how many pins are imported into our house in the course of the year? Do you know what becomes of those pins? There are a few in your wife's pin cushion, and one may occasionally be seen gleaming in the housemaid's waistband; but where are the rest? It is perfectly astounding how seldom one encounters a pin "on the loose." Now and then, by rare chance, as when a carpet is taken up, you may catch a glimpse of a pin lying in a crevice; but even this is an uncommon occurrence, and not to be counted upon. You often want a pin, and take trouble to get a pin. Where are all the pins that ought to be always in attendance everywhere?—*All the Year Round*.

Luxuriant and beautiful hair is the distinguished badge of youth.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's **HAIR RESTORER** OR **DRESSING** never fails to quickly restore gray or thin hair to its youthful colour and beauty, and with the first application a beautiful gloss and delightful fragrance is given to the hair. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large Six Shillings.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's **Zybolbasum** far exceeds any Pomade or Hair Oil, and is a most agreeable dressing for the hair. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 296, High Holborn, London.

There are but two other subjects that we need notice, and we will be brief:—
Baskets, and the Ferns best Suited for Growing in Them.—There are many species of ferns that can only display them-



Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by their Royal Highness Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, left Osborne on Wednesday afternoon last week, at half-past three o'clock, and arrived at Windsor Castle at half-past six o'clock. Her Majesty crossed over to Gosport in the royal yacht *Albatross*, Captain Sir Scrope Selwyn, the Prince of Leiningen, C.B., and their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, preceded Her Majesty by the way of Southampton, and arrived at the Castle shortly after two o'clock. Sir John Cowell was in attendance. The Hon. Eva Macdonald arrived at the Castle from Osborne. Lord Suffield and Colonel W. H. Cavendish also arrived, as the Lord and Groom in Waiting. On the Thursday morning the Queen and the Royal Family walked and drove in the Home park. Earl Granville arrived at the Castle, and had an audience of the Queen. The Marquis de Lavalette, the French Ambassador, and Don M. Rances y Villanueva, the Spanish Minister, also arrived. The French Ambassador was introduced to Her Majesty by Earl Granville, in the absence of the Earl of Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and also presented his credentials. The Spanish Minister was also introduced by Earl Granville, and presented the letters of recall of his predecessor, and his own credentials as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Lord Suffield and Lieut.-Colonel W. H. F. Cavendish, the Lord and Groom in Waiting, were in attendance.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Christian, Prince Christian Victor, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, left the Castle on Thursday evening at ten minutes before eight o'clock, for Balmoral. The suite in attendance consisted of Lady Churchill, the Hon. Mary Lascelles, Major-General Sir T. M. Biddulph, Colonel H. and the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, Sir William Jenner, Mr. Duckworth, and Mr. Sahl. Earl Granville is also in attendance on Her Majesty as Secretary of State.

The Hon. Eva Macdonald left the Castle. Lady Churchill succeeded the Duchess of Roxburghe as Lady in Waiting; the Hon. Mary Lascelles succeeded the Hon. Caroline Cavendish as Maid of Honour in Waiting; and Colonel H. Ponsonby succeeded Colonel the Hon. A. Hardinge, C.B., as Equerry in Waiting.

The royal party arrived at Balmoral at half-past two on Friday afternoon, and drove from thence to Balmoral. Earl Granville had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal Family.

On Saturday the Queen drove out at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold. Prince Christian went out grouse shooting.

Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine Service on Sunday, in the parish church, Crathie. The Rev. C. Taylor officiated.

THE DEPARTURE OF HER MAJESTY FROM WINDSOR.—The arrangements for the journey were under the direction of Mr. Cawwell, general manager of the London and North-western Railway. The royal train was furnished by that company, and comprised fifteen carriages, including two connected saloons recently built for Her Majesty's journeys to and from the north. The train was composed as follows: Engine, guard's van, first-class carriage for male servants, first-class carriage for pages and upper servants, first-class carriage for dressers and ladies' maids, saloon containing Princess Beatrice, Miss Nordie, and dresser; the royal saloons, occupied by Her Majesty and Princess Louise, personal servants, and the Queen's dressers; double saloon, with Prince and Princess Christian and royal children; double saloon, with Prince Leopold and Mr. Duckworth; Sir W. Jenner, and Mr. Sahl; double saloon, with Lady Churchill, Hon. Mrs. Lascelles, and Miss Bane; double saloon with Earl Granville, Lady Cowley, Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby; a saloon and a first-class carriage for the remainder of the suite and directors; and then came Her Majesty's surgeon and the guard's van, with electrical apparatus. Precisely at five minutes to eight o'clock on Thursday evening the royal train left Windsor, and joined the Great Western main line by the west curve at Slough.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major Grey and Mr. F. Knollys, arrived at Marlborough House on Friday evening last week from the Continent. The Princess of Wales and the royal children are remaining at Wildbad.

On Monday morning the Prince of Wales, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Teesdale, left Marlborough House for the North.

In a letter from Wildbad, dated the 21st, we read: "The weather here is now very fine, but somewhat cold and autumnal. The Princess, generally accompanied by Countess Cowley and the Hon. Mrs. Harding, takes carriage exercise every day. The children take to their donkeys. On Thursday the Princess, Lady Cowley, Mrs. Harding, and Sir William and Lady Knollys, in two carriages, paid a second visit to the Holokopf, and, like the first, unsuccessfully, as to the view; for, though there was no rain, the miasma prevented the royal visitors from seeing the splendid panoramic view. After a hurried dinner the Princess went to the theatre. On Friday the Princess, Lady Cowley, and the rest of the royal party, in two carriages, took a drive to Enzklösterby, returning to dinner."

The Prince of Wales is visiting Lord Kenlis at Underley Hall, Westmoreland. The visit is a strictly private one. It is understood that his royal highness will not prolong his stay at Underley beyond two days, when he will proceed to the North.

Upwards of forty men are still engaged in cleaning out the ornamental lake at Frogmore, a work of considerable magnitude. The lake has not been emptied, for sanitary cleansing, for some fifteen years past. Some remarkably fine carp have been found, and the largest of them have been transferred to Virginia Water, from whence they were originally taken.

It is said that Prince Leopold is about to pay a visit to the neighbourhood of Bournemouth, on account of his health, and that a house will be taken for him in the village of Parkstone.

VISIT OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO INDIA.—It is expected that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will arrive in India about the middle of December, and will spend three weeks or more in the capital, during which there will

be a series of festivities. All the high officials who are able to come will be invited as the Viceroy's guests, and the personal conferences on affairs of state which will then take place are expected to be of the greatest benefit to the country. The most complete arrangements are now being made as to sanitary matters during the gathering. As was ordered the other day at the Umballa meeting, a sanitary officer will in all probability be attached to each native chief en route to Agra, and on any cholera or sickness occurring will be authorized to stop at any cholera or sickness occurring will be authorized to stop his march, not permitting him to enter Agra. There will be a grand industrial exhibition of the Army, British and Native, of the three Presidencies. After the Dunbar the Viceroy will, in all probability, take the Duke to Lucknow, and, if possible, run up to Lahore, and afterwards visit Central India, to open the Khambang Cotton Branch Railway, and probably the line between Jubulpore and Nagpore. It is expected that many noblemen and gentlemen will go out from England at the invitation of the Viceroy. It is understood that the Duke of Edinburgh will hold the same relation to the Viceroy as the Prince of Wales bore to the Lord-Lieutenant during the two visits of his royal highness to Ireland—that is, the Duke will be the Viceroy's guest.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

The Earl and Countess of Cavan are on a tour of visits in Scotland.

Lord and Lady Clermont have arrived at Clermont-park, their seat in Ireland, for the winter.

The death has been announced, on Friday last week, of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Coventry, which took place after a short illness, in his seventy-seventh year. The rev. gentleman was the eldest surviving son of George William, seventh Earl of Coventry, and had been rector of Severn Stoke, Upton-on-Severn, Worcestershire, since 1833.

The death of the Hon. Mrs. Francis Crofton is announced as having taken place on the 19th inst., at the Bridge of Allan, near Edinburgh.

A HIGHLAND WELCOME HOME.—The arrival, on Tuesday last week, of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, with Earl and Countess Percy, at Inverary Castle, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, was marked by somewhat of the circumstances peculiar to the occasion. Being the first visit of the Countess Percy (Lady Edith Campbell) to her former home since her marriage, the general feeling of regard was evinced by a gathering of those who had become aware of the expected arrival. Lining the approaches, they welcomed with a hearty cheer the dual party as they drove up to the castle door. The Volunteer Rifles, who were present in force under command of Lieutenant H. D. Smith, presented arms, and joined in the general cheer. At the same time, being the first visit of the Countess Percy to the castle, the bagpipes struck up, and a salvo of cannon was fired from the adjoining grounds. Earl and Countess Percy, on alighting, expressed their thanks for the kind reception with which they had been greeted, and their good wishes for all the people of Inverary.

The Dean of Westminster and Lady August Stanley have left the deanery on a tour of visits in the north.

The Earl and Countess of Warwick left town on Saturday to visit the Earl of Wemyss and make a tour of visits in Scotland.

Lady Stanley of Alderley has left town for Carlbad, for the benefit of her health.

The Duchess of Manchester and the Countess of Westmoreland are among the travellers at Baden-Baden.

The Earl of Mount-Edgumbe has gone to Mount-Edgumbe, Devon. The countess and family have left Fern Lodge, Tunbridge Wells, and, accompanied by the Countess Dowager and Lady Ernestine Edgumbe, have gone to East-well-park, Kent, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

The Earl of Lichfield has returned to town from Homburg, in consequence of the attacks and several members of the family having been attacked by scarlatina. We have to add that the countess and children have had a mild form of that malady, and are doing well.

The Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam and Ladies Fitzwilliam have left their seat in the county Wicklow on a tour of the lakes of Killarney.

Viscount and Viscountess De Vesci and Hon. Misses Vesey have arrived at their seat, Abbey Leix, Queen's County, for the autumn.

The Countess Dowager of Westmoreland is passing the autumn at her villa at Wimbledon. The Hon. Julia Fane and family have been staying with the Countess.

The Earl Cowper and the Hon. John Cowper, M.P., arrived at Glenishel, N.B., on Saturday last, and commenced shooting on Monday.

The Countess of Normanton gave birth to a daughter last week. Her ladyship and infant are doing well.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS.—The ex-President of the Confederate States, accompanied by Dr. Charles Mackay, arrived in Inverness on Friday last week from Invergarry, where he has been the guest of Mr. Ellice, M.P. On Saturday, in company with Mr. Carruthers, they visited the site of the battle of Culloden.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., has joined Lady Emily Peel at their villa at Geneva.

The Earl Fortescue and the Ladies Fortescue have gone to Castle Hill, Devon, for the autumn.

Miss Burdett Coutts arrived at Torquay on Monday afternoon for the autumn.

The Earl and Countess of Clarendon intend to prolong their stay at Wiesbaden till the end of the ensuing month.

FOREIGN COURTS.

The *Saint Public* of Lyons gives the following as the itinerary of the Empress and the Prince Imperial on their visit to that city: "The august travellers will arrive at five in the evening of the 24th at the railway-station, and will immediately proceed to the cathedral, reaching in half an hour after the Hotel de Ville, where they are to sleep. The following morning, at nine, they will make an inspection of St. Eugène Asylum, and at one will visit the new Boulevard of the Empress. Her Majesty and the Prince will proceed to the Palais de Commerce at two, and leave at half-past three for the camp to review the troops. The Imperial guests will take their departure at seven on the morning of the 26th."

Queen Isabella arrived at Havre about noon on Saturday by the Trouville steamer, accompanied by the King Consort and the Prince of the Asturias. Queen Christina, who has been residing for the last month at St. Address, with the Duke de Rianzares, was in attendance awaiting the arrival of her daughter. At four o'clock the royal party left Mondesir to make an excursion in the environs, and in the evening the young prince and his parents went back to Trouville.

The Empress of the French has given up her intended visit to Jerusalem. The Empress is expected to reach Constantinople about the 1st or 2nd of October, there to remain for eight days. The Imperial party will then proceed by sea to

Smyrna, going thence to Rhodes and on to Cyprus, delaying some time at each of those places before continuing the voyage to Alexandria. Of the Empress's intended movements in Egypt, from the date of her arrival until the opening of the Suez Canal on the 15th of November, nothing is yet known. She will be accompanied by Prince Joachim Murat, Her Majesty is to be the daughters of the Duke of Alva, and by the Duke of Hesse, his son. There will be in attendance an aide-de-camp of the Emperor and not a very numerous suite of governesses and ladies-in-waiting.

A statue has just been inaugurated at Huy, Belgium, to Joseph Lebeau, the eminent statesman who was one of the founders of that kingdom. His Majesty Leopold II. was represented by General Guillaume, and the Government by M. Pirez, Minister of the Interior, who pronounced a eulogistic discourse on the deceased. A grand banquet was given in the evening.

Prince Napoleon arrived at Havre a few days ago by the Trouville steamer, and put up at the Hotel Frascati. "The Prince," says the *Public*, "will be present at the inauguration of the Suez Canal. His highness will go direct to Port Said without touching at Constantinople. The Prince intends to traverse with his despatch-box, the Prince Jerome, the famous canal, and thus to reach the Red Sea on his way to Bombay. His highness would then make an excursion to English and French India. The Minister of Marine is said to have received notice of these plans, in order to make the necessary arrangements."

His Majesty the King of Sweden is expected to arrive on Decade at the end of this month, on a visit to the Prince of Wales at Aberfeldie.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

On Tuesday week the nuptials were celebrated of Abraham John Roberts, Esq., of London, and Miss Edith, second daughter of the Hon. Percy Barrington, of Westbury. On entering the village the bunting was visible from nearly every tree, and numerous triumphal arches spanned the road. The following were the inscriptions: "Welcome Thou, A.J.R." "May God bless them both." "Long Life and Happiness to the Bridal Pair." "May Peace and Plenty attend them!" "May they be Happy!" At the entrance to the grounds was a splendid trophy of the designer's skill, with the simple word "Welcome!" on one side, with the initials of the bridegroom and bride, and on the other "God Bless You!" Over the porch of the church was the motto, "The Lord will give his People the Blessing of Peace," and over every perfect gift is from above.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above. Leaning on her brother's arm, the fair bride entered the church. She was arrayed in white satin trimmed with flounces of Brussels lace, a magnificent Brussels lace veil presented by her grandmother, the Dowager Viscountess Barrington, a small wreath of orange blossom, a diamond necklace and cross, and a pearl and diamond star, the gift of the Hon. Florence Barrington. Miss Emily Doyle, Miss Octavia Legge, Miss Maria Legge, Lady Alice Howard, Hon. Jeannette Fitzroy, Miss Campbell, and Miss Whitbread. They wore dresses of white muslin over pink, and pink bonnets with white veils, lockets of gold presented by the bridegroom, with the monograms of the bride and bridegroom in dark blue enamel. The marriage of Lord Ruthven and Lady Caroline Gore, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Arran, took place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Saturday last. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wentworth Boyer and the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell. Lord and Lady Ruthven left town in the afternoon for Onslow-park, near Shrewsbury.

A marriage is arranged between M. de Casteau, late secretary to the Belgian Legation in London, and Mlle. Pinsonnet, from Carcassonne.

A marriage is arranged between the Hon. Arthur Cadogan, second son of the Earl Cadogan, and Miss Arabin, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Arabin, and niece of Sir Henry Meux, Bart.

A marriage is arranged to take place in September between Miss Margaret Bruce, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. H. A. Bree, and Mr. Douglas Richmond, son of the Rev. Henry S. Richmond, rector of Wyck Rissington, Gloucestershire.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Charles Howe Knox, of Ballinrobe, county Mayo, Esq., Hussars, and aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Miss Henrietta Elizabeth, second daughter of the Right Hon. Sir W. Gibson Craig, of Riccarton, Bart., Lord Clerk Register of Scotland.

The marriage of Lady Mary Hamilton, sister of the Duke of Hamilton, with the Hereditary Prince Duke of Valentinois, only son of his Highness Prince Monaco, is to be solemnised at Monaco next month.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Right Hon. James Edmund Baron Cranston, of Creeling, North Britain, was proved in the London court on the 2nd instant, and the personality sworn under 45,000*l.* The executors and trustees appointed being the Right Hon. Elizabeth Baroness Cranston, the relict; Sir Edward Marwood Elton, Bart.; and Mr. James Marwood Elton, of Widworthy Court, Devon. The will is made in the Scotch form, bearing date in 1865. He leaves his residence, Dunroff House, and the furniture to his wife absolutely, together with all property acquired by marital right. His plate he leaves to his brother and successor, the Hon. Charles leaves to his brother and successor. He directs his estates to be sold, and after securing the payment of some annuities and legacies, he bequeaths one moiety of the interest arising from the residue to his relict and the other moiety to his daughter, the Hon. Pauline Emily Cranston; and, after the decease of his relict, he leaves to his said daughter the principal for the benefit of herself and issue.

The will of the Right Hon. Lepel Charlotte Lady Dugger was proved under 7,000*l.*; and that of the Hon. Philip Alexander under a nominal sum.

The will of Sir William A. Beckett, retired chief justice of the colony of Victoria, was proved in the London court on the 9,000*l.* personality in 1868. The executors appointed are Dame M. M. Beckett, his relict, and second wife, and testator's two brothers, Thomas Turner A. Beckett and Arthur Martin A. Beckett, and Mr. Henry Moor, of Sussex-square, Brighton. The will is dated August, 1867. He bequeaths to his wife a legacy of 300*l.* and the interest from the rest of his property for her life, and after her decease he leaves two-fifths of the principal to her son Reginald, and the remaining three-fifths between his sons Malvern and Edward equally. To his son Malvern he has left the gold paper-knife which was presented to him (the testator) by the attorneys and solicitors of Geelong.

The will of Alexander William Rowland, of Champion-hill, Lower Sydenham, and of Hutton-garden, was proved under 35,000*l.* personality.

Interesting Items.

The Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the recently appointed Master of the Temple, will go into residence there at the commencement of Michaelmas term, and will probably preach his first sermon in the Temple Church on the first term Sunday, which will be the 7th of November.

A DELIGHTFUL BODY-GUARD.—The Public states that Dr. Conneau, who is at this moment in Corsica, is occupied in superintending the organisation of a corps of young ladies, who have solicited the honour of forming a body-guard to the Prince Imperial during his highness's stay in the island.

The great railway bridge over the Rhine, near the village of Hamm, a little above Düsseldorf, is progressing rapidly, and will probably be completed before the end of November.

While the Jews so tenaciously adhere to many old practices, they not unfrequently adopt new ones. Lord Penzance and his Divorce Court are now the recognised tribunal for Hebrews, and the private right of a husband to grant a bill of divorce has ceased. Such amendments will be none the worse for Hebrews in Hebrews, as solicitors know of a case in our law books wherein an English court was called upon to acknowledge the invalidity of a marriage when, many years after the ceremony, it was alleged to be void because one of the witnesses had been unclean from having eaten, the night before, the forbidden dish of tripe fried in batter. Until the adoption of the Divorce Court jurisdiction, Jewesses deserted by their husbands had sometimes no redress, and great expense was incurred to induce the husband to grant a bill of divorce as the indispensable requisite for a fresh marriage.

The tower of Whitfield Church, near Brackley, having been blown down last winter, and the rest of the building being pronounced unworthy of repair, the foundation-stone of a new church, to be erected on the old site, by Mr. Woodley, architect, was laid by the Hon. Mrs. Pierpoint on Thursday last week. The entire cost will be over 3,000*l.*, of which only 1,500*l.* has as yet been raised, and of which 400 guineas have been given by Worcester and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford.

A new preaching "sensation" has appeared. The Rev. Thomas Noble, "the Youthful Evangelist," who is announced to hold a number of services at Crewe, is described as "twenty-one years of age, and only an inch taller than Tom Thumb."

On dit that the confinement of the Princess Margherita will take place at the latter end of October.

It may not be out of place to remind our readers that the Hon. Emily Lytton, lately deceased, is chronicled in the papers, was a sister of "Eleanor Eden," William Pitt's first and only love.

An anonymous donor has presented the munificent sum of 1,000*l.* to the Hospital for Women, Soho-square.

The *City Press*, in its "Wills and Bequests," mentions that the will of Mr. Charles Baldwin, J.P., of 28, Sussex-gardens, Hyde-park, was proved in the London court by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Sophia Chenevix, the sole executrix. The testator died on the 18th of February last, in his ninety-fifth year. He was the senior member or father of the Stationers' Company, of which he had been twice Master, and also one of the three treasurers. He was for fifty-five years engaged upon the newspaper press, and had spent a large fortune in connection with it, and was the original proprietor of the *Standard*. By his will he bequeathed his freehold property shall be sold, and the produce thereof, together with his personal estate, which was sworn under 1,000*l.*, shall be divided equally amongst his five daughters and his daughter-in-law, the widow of his late son, the Rev. Charles Frederick Baldwin, M.A. The testator was the father of fifteen children, five of whom died in infancy.—The will of Alexander William Rowland's Macassar, garden, wholesale perfumer, proprietor of Rowland's Macassar, 10, King's Road, was proved under 35,000*l.* personally. The testator died at his residence, Champion-hill, Lower Sydenham, on the 28th of June last, aged sixty-one.

Last week an omnibus drawn by a road steamer passed along Princess-street, Edinburgh. This road steamer has been built by Mr. R. V. Thomson for an enterprising omnibus proprietor in one of the largest towns of England, who intends to have his omnibuses drawn by steam.

A Mr. Warren, a retired farmer at Madron, Cornwall, died last week, leaving alive fourteen children, sixty-six grandchildren, and thirty great-grandchildren. Deceased's age was eighty-seven.

A mysterious murder has been committed in Liverpool. A widow, who lived in a house with her mother, two sons, and a daughter, about half-past two o'clock, on Saturday, passed through the bedroom occupied by her mother, whom she awakened and told she was going into the kitchen for a drink of water. Nothing more was heard till five o'clock, when the woman was found dead in the kitchen with her throat cut. A life covered with blood was lying at a distance from the deceased, and only was her throat cut, but a piece of the windpipe was cut out. The house surgeon of the Southern Dispensary, who was called in when the recovery was made, was examined at the inquest on Monday, and he stated that in his opinion the deceased had not been the cause of her own death. A verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned by the jury.

Shortly after midnight on Saturday, as a young woman named Eliza Raven was standing with her sister near the door of their house in Ripley-street, New Kent-road, a young man named William Roundtree fired a pistol at the former, exclaiming at the same time, "Take that!" and ran away, but was pursued and given into custody. The young woman, when the pistol was fired, placed her right arm across her breast, and so probably saved her life, for her arm is in a badly lacerated condition, and a quantity of powder lodged in her throat. Her sister's face was also injured. Roundtree has lived near them for some years, and it is supposed he was jealous of a young man whom the elder sister had just left. He has been committed for trial.

The *Augustburg Gazette* announces the conversion to the Roman faith of the Countess von Seebach, daughter of the Minister of Saxony at Paris.

A woman has just died in Wandsworth—the parish in which she was born and had always lived—at the age of ninety-eight. Her son is now living, aged seventy-four years.

At a recent marriage at a Ritualistic Church at the East-end of London, the service lasted exactly two hours. This included a sermon and the celebration of the Holy Communion.

A pension of 20,000*fr.* is to be accorded to the widow of Marshal Niel. The Bill is being prepared by the Ministry of Justice.

The Frankfort journals state that the Papal Nuncio has addressed a severe admonition to the Bishop of Cracow, who

had applied to the persons who imprisoned Barbara Ubrzyk the term "demons." The prelate appears to have immediately expressed his regret at having allowed himself to be carried away so far as to insult those "pious sisters."

Mr. Joseph Leaver, of 1, Rydon-crescent, Clerkenwell, one of the gentlemen who got the Dunmow ditch the other day, has written to deny that there was anything in the proceedings connected with the presentation which any lady could object to. "Wherever," he says, "most courteously received, with the exception of one question addressed to me by the counsel for the claimants, which I can, rightly believe was a *lapsus linguae*, and which met with a most decided, immediate disapproval from judge, jury, and audience, and was not in any way repeated." Mr. Leaver explains that he went to Dunmow not for the bacon, but for a moral object—to prove to an unbelieving world that domestic felicity is possible. "There are still many," he says, "who, judging from their own morbid experiences and tendencies, do not believe in matrimonial harmony and faithfulness, do not believe in many useful lessons, if they are not too blind to read them or too debased to learn them."

At the Court of Bankruptcy a young French lady, named Pauline Guibet, applied to Mr. Commissioner Winslow for her release from custody. It appeared that she had brought an action for breach of promise of marriage, but when the case was called on neither counsel, attorney, nor witnesses were in attendance, and of course the verdict passed for the defendant, and the plaintiff was now in custody for costs. There was no opposition, and his honour granted the release.

An inquest has been held at the St. Luke's Lunatic Asylum, on the body of Mrs. Sarah Solomon, aged forty-six years. Deceased would take no food, and an attempt being made to force her to do so, she struggled violently, and expired from heart disease. A verdict in accordance with the evidence was returned.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley has been appointed canon of Chester Cathedral, in succession to Dr. Moberly, recently appointed Bishop of Salford.

The wife of John Tonson, an employé of the North-eastern Railway Company, has given birth, at Hessele, to three daughters. The mother and little flock are doing well.

The report of the Select Committee to inquire into the condition of the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons says that Dr. Barry was asked during the sittings of the committee to explain the present arrangement in the Ladies' Gallery. Mr. Barry produced a plan, and observed:—"The Ladies' Gallery is divided into three separate compartments. The proposal now is to improve the view from the gallery by taking out the smaller mullions in the stone screen between the gallery and the House of Commons, so as to form a gallery instead of two; and forming a retiring room behind the gallery, with proper accommodation for the ladies." "Would you," said Mr. Bouverie, "admit more light?" "That," Mr. Barry replied, "can easily be done, but it has always hitherto been thought objectionable to do it, because it would make the ladies visible from the House." Mr. W. H. Smith, on a subsequent day, asked Dr. Barry if the ladies were to have any light. Mr. Barry said he had decided that there should not be light in the Ladies' Gallery, because if there was light the ladies would be, and it had been considered that they should not be, seen; there was no difficulty in having light to any extent if the committee decide to have it.

Dr. Gedge, a member of a Bury St. Edmunds family, has accepted the post of superintendent of the medical staff in Sir Samuel Baker's expedition to Lake Nyanza. Dr. Gedge is also entrusted by the Viceroy of Egypt with the collection of natural history specimens for a museum about to be established at Cairo. Sir Samuel Baker's expedition is expected to start from Alexandria on the 1st of October, for Souakim, on the western shores of the Red Sea.

A LIVERPOOL LADY DROWNED IN MENAI STRAITS.—A telegram was received in Liverpool on Tuesday afternoon, stating that Mrs. David M'iver, daughter-in-law of Mr. Charles M'iver, the Liverpool manager of the Cunard Company, and daughter of Mr. Ranken, a well-known Liverpool shipowner and merchant, and ex-chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, had been drowned while bathing in the Menai Straits, opposite Min-y-Garth, one of the residences of Mr. M'iver, close to Bangor. No details of how the sad affair occurred have been received. The deceased lady, who was married in 1863, had been staying with her husband and three children at the Menai Straits for the purpose of enjoying the bathing, a pursuit of which she was very fond.

A boy six years of age, the son of Mr. Phelps, optician, of 83, St. John-street-road, was catching ladybirds the other evening in his father's garden, and singing the old nursery rhyme of "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home." His mother, finding he was treating the insects cruelly, chastised him and sent him as a punishment into the workshop, where his father and some men were at work. There were two ginger-beer bottles on a bench, one containing water and the other sulphuric acid. The child, unperceived, took up the bottle containing sulphuric acid, swallowed some of the liquid, and died next day.

On Monday morning a publican named Mynott, living at Sawton, near Cambridge, fired a gun loaded with shot at his wife, and then discharged the second barrel at his own head, but it did not take effect. The wife is still alive, but is not expected to live. Pecuniary difficulties are said to have been the cause of the attempt. A letter was found on Mynott's table declaring his intention to take his wife's life and then his own. He is in custody.

A baker named Printer, of 27, York-street, Marylebone, was summoned at the Marylebone Police-court on Tuesday, for selling bread otherwise than by weight. A customer had sent for a "cottage" and a "household" loaf, and instead of each weighing two pounds, one was five ounces short and the other two pounds. The baker was asked to weigh the loaves, but he refused to do so. He said he weighed all his bread before it went into the oven, and that he had not weighed the bread over the counter for twenty-five years. Mr. D'Eyncourt said his own evidence had put him out of court without the evidence of the complainant, and he fined him 40*s.* and 6*s.* 6*d.* costs.

Another breach of promise case was tried at Liverpool on Monday. The plaintiff was Miss Marian Barry, aged twenty-six, whose father lived at Newstead, Ireland, and the defendant Mr. Tod, aged about fifty, a widower, and who had been in business in Liverpool as a brushmaker. It appeared that a sister of the plaintiff was married to Mr. Hyland, who had been a partner in business with Mr. Tod, until the latter retired, in consequence of his wife's death, and in April of 1868 the plaintiff came over to stay with her sister at Liverpool, and there made the acquaintance of the defendant, whose wife had then only recently died, and who had made Mrs. Hyland a good deal of a confidante in the trouble resulting from that event. Ultimately an engagement was made between Miss Barry and Mr. Tod, and the young lady returned to Ireland. A correspondence then commenced. But

after a few months Mr. Tod took offence at the plaintiff suggesting the postponement of a visit which he proposed to pay to her, and expressed himself very strongly on the subject. This quarrel, however, was made up at Christmas last, and all the letters relating to it burnt by mutual consent, but about the beginning of February in the present year Mr. Tod intimated his intention to break off the match altogether, and in April was married to another lady. The plaintiff was put into the witness-box to support her own case, and was cross-examined as to an offer of marriage alleged to have been made to her about the time of the postponement of the defendant's visit to Ireland. She said it was true that she had received an offer from a young gentleman, but that she had refused it. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with 400*l.* damages.

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, I talked, and danced, and sung;
I and proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of gloom,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuit was o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.

PRINCESS AMELIA, Daughter of George III.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PINS.—About the middle of the last century the Ryland family introduced into Birmingham the new industries of wire-drawing and pinmaking, which at that period were regarded as *win* handicrafts. After a steady development of five-and-twenty years, the pin trade was transferred to an ancestor of the present eminent firm of Thomas Philipson and Son. A few years since every schoolboy's manual contained a sketch of the operation of pinmaking, as a remarkable instance of the division of labour. A single pin had to undergo the manipulation of not less than fourteen pairs of hands before it was ready for the rushion in my lady's boudoir. This forcible illustration no longer applies. Pinmaking, like other industries, has been subject to the scientific progress and improvement of the age, and the process is now comparatively simple. An American engineer named Wright patented in 1824 a pin-machine, which during the revolution of a single wheel produced a perfect pin. Mr. Thomas Philipson thus describes Wright's machine, which, having undergone many improvements, is now in operation at the factory of the former here:—"The principal shaft gives motion in its rotation to several sliders, levers, and wheels, which work the principal part of the machine. A slider pushes forward pinners, which draw wire from a reel at every rotation of the shaft, and advance such a length of wire as will produce one pin. It cuts out this length of wire by the descent of its upper die, and the latter then opens a series of rollers, which draw the wire to the pointing apparatus. Here it is received by a holder, which turns round, while a bevel-ged file-wheel rapidly revolving, gives to the wire its rough point. It proceeds immediately by a second carrier to a second and finer file-wheel, by which the pointing is finished. A third carrier transfers the pin to the first heading die, and by the advance of a steel punch one end of the pin wire is forced into a recess, where the head is partially produced. A fourth carrier removes the pin from the die, where the heading is completed. When the heading bar retires, a forked lever draws the pin from the die and drops it into a receptacle below. It is then ready to be 'whitened' and 'stuck.' The whitening is performed in a copper vessel placed over a fire, in which the pins are boiled in water along with grains of metallic tin and a little bitartrate of potash. When the boiling has continued for about one hour, the pins and tin grains are removed, thoroughly washed, dried, and polished in bran. Various kinds of apparatus are employed for sticking pins into sheets of fluted paper, and also for folding the paper for the wrappers."—*Engineer.*

WEST-COUNTRY FOLKLORE.—Cornish people have a very curious way of treating small weakly babies. A young, growing ash-tree is split down the stem, and the baby is solemnly handed through the aperture. The tree is then allowed to close again; and it is believed that the child will grow with its growth; but still it does sometimes happen that the ash-tree flourishes, whilst the baby is as small for its age as ever. Warts are expected to vanish if carefully counted by a "wise" man or woman; and a piece of stolen meat rubbed over them and then buried in the ground is recommended, the warts being said to disappear as the meat decomposes. Another way of getting rid of these troublesome excrescences is, to take as many stones as you have warts, rub the pebbles over the places, and then make them up in a parcel, which must be thrown in some frequented road. Whoever picks up and opens the parcel will then have one of these packets was directly afterwards troubled with warts on her hands, which nothing that she could think of had any power to cure; and at last she asked an old Cornishwoman how to get rid of them. The old woman told her she could charm them away, if the lady would come to her three successive Friday mornings, without washing her face—which she did, and the warts were being solemnly counted on each occasion, vanished at the appointed time. It is not necessary to be a "white witch" to charm away these little ailments, and in most West-country villages there are one or more women whose *specialité* is the cure of some disorder or other; and in the parish before alluded to, there was an old woman who boasted she was the only person there who could charm for the wound of a black-thorn. It is not always necessary for the person suffering from the warts to have an interview with the "wise" man or woman who is to charm them. Sometimes the cure may be effected quite as well if merely the number of the warts, with the date and hour of the sufferer's birth, is told to the charmer. The following, a very curious method of healing boils, is peculiar to a western county. The sufferer must hold a long shoot of wild rose which has thrown out roots at the ends, so as to form an archway, and must then crawl under it on his hands and knees three times. This is generally considered a pretty certain cure, but should the rose-tree happen to grow on the confines of one parish, and the shoot to have rooted itself in the next, it is quite infallible.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine.*

ROSSETTER'S HAIR RESTORER is the only preparation which can be confidently relied upon for restoring grey hair to its original colour. It assists nature in supplying the colouring properties which may have become deficient through age or disease. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* per bottle.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

LADYBIRDS.—Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and the surrounding country, and many parts of Margate, were visited with countless millions of the insects known as ladybirds on Friday and Saturday last week. On Sunday morning the streets and roads in and about Ramsgate and Broadstairs, and the dresses of all persons going into the open air, were covered with them. Opposite the market-place in Ramsgate men were shovelling them down the large gratings into the sewer. So thickly were they spread over the ground that the streets seemed covered with red sand. The people coming out of St. George's Church, Ramsgate, at ten minutes before one o'clock on Sunday morning, were covered with the insects before they had proceeded many yards. In the metropolis on Sunday, and particularly in Westminster, near the abbey, in Paddington, and in Stratford, vast swarms of these insects were seen. So thickly were they collected there in their hands and filling paper bags with them. On Monday and Tuesday the footpaths in Stepney were covered with them. The insects evidently came from the east, at Ramsgate and Broadstairs on Sunday. These insects are said to destroy aphides, the flies most injurious to vegetation. There was a similar visitation at Ramsgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Southend, and surrounding places on August 13, 1847, when they then destroyed countless millions of them; the grass and hedgerows and every crevice that afforded shelter from the wind were covered with them.

It is customary on certain occasions to strew flowers in the path of individuals whom it is designed to honour. In a tour through the Neapolitan provinces, the wife of the Crown Prince of Italy had in one place been expected to set her dainty feet on canaries, on which she was expected to set her dainty feet. Her horror was about equal in magnitude to the astonishment of the loyal natives who designed to honour her in this unique fashion.

The sheets, blankets, towels, &c., used by Prince Alfred during his recent visit to New Zealand, were advertised for sale by public auction, and fetched a good price. A druggist was said to have been given lately in an examination at Cambridge. The candidate, being asked who Wyndcliffe was, and having doubtless heard him called the morning-star of the Reformation, and that he died Vicar of Lutterworth, answered that the great Reformer "was for some time editor of the *Morning Star*, and died Vicar of Wakefield."

HOW TO MEASURE HOSE.—I went into a shop the other day, says an American correspondent, to buy what the drapers call "gent's hose." A smiling young lady was behind the counter; and when I had made an appeal to her to show me some socks, I was somewhat doubtful what course of action I ought to pursue in order to demonstrate to her the length of my foot. As I am not a burlesque writer, it was clear that I could not lay my foot on the counter and say "with all my sole," nor could I paraphrase David's Jack Tar when he spoke of the dancer who "so daintily handled her feet." The little woman, however, speedily removed my first perplexity, though only to plunge me into another. "Will you," said she, "please to double up your fist and lay it on the counter?" I replied that I did not want gloves, but socks. "And I want to take your measure," she said. "But," I urged, "it is the measure of my foot that you require." "Yes," she replied, "and I can get it equally as well from your hand. Once round your clenched fist, at the knuckles, is the length of your foot." And she took the measure of my fist, and I took the socks on the faith of the damsel's representation; and, in due course, I found that she was quite right, and had fitted me to a nicety.

For the first time in the history of the United States the Declaration of Independence was read in Boston on the last Fourth of July by a woman—Miss Harris. How she looked and how she read are thus described in a paper printed in Springfield: "She was dressed in a clear white tunic, with double skirt, puffed and ruffled at the bottom and trimmed with two rows of satin ribbon, red and blue. Two rows of golden ornaments encircled the skirt. Waist and belt trimmed likewise. Pearl necklace and bracelets, white kids, and beautiful brown hair braided, with roses adorning. A pale, oval face, deep brown eyes, and intellectual head, denoting power and truth. She is the type of womanly grace, without a trace of that 'masculinity' of manner which men so dread and expect in strong-minded women. With a clear, cultivated pronunciation, yet a low voice, she pronounced the Declaration that, until lately, has been only truth in pamphlet, never truth in fact. She concluded the reading amidst rapturous applause, an enthusiastic admirer throwing her a beautiful bouquet." What would English ladies think of this personal style of reporting?

A SUMMER NIGHT.

By ANNA GRAHAM.

(Author of "Too Late," "The Old Man's Story," &c.)

The night lay purple on the quiet hill;
The sky was all a-tremble with its stars;
We had no light but the light faint and still
That stole us through vine-wrapped trellis bars.
We sat within the lattice, he and I;
And we were mute; for our deep happiness,
So rich, so over-brimming, tenderly
Trembled to silence in its sweet excess.
Only the thrilling touch of hand to hand—
Only the loving beat of heart to heart—
And the whole world, for me, was rainbow spanned;
And love was all the world—a sphere apart
From the dull world I knew but yesterday.
I have marked well the night as fair as this,
But this one stands alone—shined in the ray
Of throbbing stars, holding all happiness.

THE BUTTER COOLER.—Butter kept firm and fresh during the hottest days—No ice—No trouble—Self-acting.—"Result obtained by a provokingly simple adaptation of an irresistible Natural Law."—*Scientific Record.* For Butter, 2s. 10d.; 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d. For Provisions, 6s. 9d., 7s. 9d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d. For Wine and other Beverages, 5s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d. No further expense—always reliable. Of the patentee, Thomas Greville Potter, Stella Lamp Depot, 11, Oxford-street, near the Oxford, where is also sold the *Mimic Caudron*.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor-street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope, well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.

The Humourist.

A LADY in the country—the clock having stopped—sent one of the servants out into the garden to see what time it was by the sun-dial. He was town-bred, and sharp enough at most things, but he had not learned this, and so he brought the face of the dial indoors that his mistress might tell the time herself.

Sawdust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted if every individual would make his own sawdust.

"Won't that box constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman. "Oh, no, boy; he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

At a public-house in Devonshire, the landlord has it painted up outside his door, "Good beer sold here; but don't take my word for it."

Who dare sit before the king with his hat on?—A coachman. At what time was Adam married?—Upon his wedding Eve. A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A certain cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest. Saying to him that he had an important question to propose, he asked, "Is it under any circumstances lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask is it lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say no; if you ask is it lawful to baptize in your Excellency's soup, I say yes; for there is really no difference between it and water."

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR A LOQUACIOUS LADY.

"Pray, doctor, give me, if you please,
Some medicine for my disease;
My health and courage are all gone,
And I am weak and feeble grown."

"The doctor felt her pulse, and said,
There is no cause for fear or dread;
You've no disease, be not distressed,
You need no medicine but rest."

"I've no disease! why, how you talk!
Just see my tongue—'tis white as chalk;
Look at it, doctor—look, indeed—
And say in truth, what does it need?"
"If you will keep it still and quiet,
'Tis all it needs; pray, madam, try it.
You overtask it at the best,
And, like the body, that needs rest."

How to Destroy Flies—Encourage spiders.
Curiosities for a Museum—Wings of a flying visit.

A young man having preached for Dr.—one day was anxious to get a word of approval for his labour of love. The grave doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and his younger brother was obliged to bait the hook for him: "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day." "No, sir, not at all; nor by the depth either." The young man was silent.

FACES AND HANDS.—Ladies are said to be working their way into the watch business, because they produce handsomer faces and more delicate hands than men.

Young ladies who play croquet are known in America as "maiden all for lawn."

THE FASHIONABLE TIE.—There is no foundation for the rumour that the Siamese Twins shot off their tie at Wimbledon.

Josh Billings says: "When a young man aint good for anything else, I like to see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle!"

CONJUGAL DIALOGUE.—Husband: "What are you thinking of, my dear?" "Absent-minded Wife (mechanically): "I was wondering which of your friends I could marry in case I should become a widow." [Tableau.]

TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLE.—An honest old lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Hall has gone too, poor man!"

A wealthy gentleman who owns a country seat nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

(From Punch.)

Capital Punishment.—Stopping in London in August.

The Dunmow Fitch.—All Gammon.

SOCIAL SURGERY.—Dr. Richardson has invented a knife that cuts so fast that nobody can feel it. After all, however, there is nothing vastly new in this surgical invention. People in society cut each other every day, and, if they are at all fast, neither of them feels it.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

The Deserted City.

Gone! From the splendid square and stately street,
The Park, the Gardens, and the jocund Mall,
From Fashion's haunt and Pleasure's nightly beat
Are gone the beauty, the amazing Swell!
The sullen blinds, the darkening shutters, show
That rank, and wealth, and eminence in the State,
Are where the Danube and the Arno flow.
Or on the scene of Graham's *Highland Spate*,
Seeking renewal of the trial foren,
By lake and loch, where more ozone is found,
Than he inhales, who guides his ambling horse
Beneath the arch by our Great Captain crowned.
Be calm, my Grange, my Gunter, don't despair—
They will return when swallows skim the air.

Bereavement.

The moon had left the sky, the stunted gas
Threw insufficient light upon my path,
As, wild with beggars, and surcharged with wrath,
At bawling boys, who would not let me pass,
I walked to Portland-road, and went Third Class
To Westbourne-park, where stands the house that hath—
Alas! I should say had, my wife—my Katharine,
now painting in the Luton Strasse.
I paced the Square, I stopped at Number IX,
I braved the storm, I heed-d not the rain,
Content to gaze upon her window-pane,
With wildly-beating heart and tearful eye;
Then, from the spot unwillingly I went,
Because policemen asked me what I meant.

(From Fun.)

A QUEER FIX.—What could the City authorities have been about to place the figure of Mr. Peabody as they have done

The distinguished philanthropist is actually turning his back upon "The Amicable."

A PEACEFUL SOLUTION.—The best Lock for Fire-arms: The one that will lock them all away for ever.

SITTING ALONE.

Here at the dead of night,
By the pale candle-light,
Weary and sad, I write,
Sitting alone!

Write, though my feeble pen
Nearly drops now and then,
As my heart faints again:
Always alone!

Break not, O heart; be still!
Grief has no power to kill,
Strong is the earnest will,
Love will atone!

Love, O love, aid me now
Humbly my head to bow,
Till my life amply show
God's will alone!

Then, when my happiness
Comes, and each raven teases,
Lips that to mine I press,
All is my own—

Teach me, O God, to see
Human utility,
Till in eternity
Love is alone.

—Tinsley's Magazine.

From a return lately published we learn that during the year 1868 and the three preceding years 3,025 British vessels were wrecked, and 6,200 lives lost elsewhere than on the shores of the United Kingdom. To these wrecks must be added 55 total losses from collisions. The total numbers reported lost in each year were—in 1865, 958; in 1866, 697; in 1867, 745; in 1868, 680.

Some interesting facts relating to the different Hindoo castes and Mohammedan sects in the gaoles of the Lower Provinces of Bengal are to be found in the bulky volume just issued by Dr. Mouat, Inspector-General of Prisons. In the Gya district the criminal classes are mostly recruited from the Dosadhas, Gwallas, Domes, Rujwars, and Bunyas. The Dosadhas are thieves and robbers essentially. They know where a rich villager keeps his money, and induce rascals to steal it by burglary or dacoity; they set the Gwallas to steal cattle, and take money from the owners to recover them. The Gwallas confine themselves to stealing cattle. The Domes is a petty thief; he steals a handful of sweetmeats when no one is looking; robs little girls of their ornaments and toys, or knocks money out of the hands of children and runs off with it. The Rujwars are by right a jungle people. They find employment for some months of the year; but during the idle months their necessities drive them into the plains, where they turn robbers, and stand out on their guard. The Bunyas are a jungle race also. They join the Gwallas and rob travellers. Occasionally the district is visited by Nuts or gipsies, who are petty thieves; and by Cheynes, or cut-purses, men who carry small knives sharp as razors in their mouths; they frequent the bazaars, and with wonderful instinct feel out the nooks on a ryo's person, where he has tucked the corner of his cummerbund in which his money is tied up, and then, with a neatness still more wonderful, the Cheyne snicks off the bit of cloth with his knife and disappears with the rupees. Then there are the Sindhyas and the Burryars, professional burglars, who mine into a zenana, coming up through the floor like a stage ghost, and with less noise. They will file off and open the bangles and nose rings and earrings of the sleeping women without waking them, and then disappear as they came. The ordinary burglar, the Domb, the Bhunya, posts his confederate sentinel, and then picks a hole in the mud wall of a house with his sund-murry. When the hole is sufficiently large to push a boy through, or to get through himself, he carefully inserts a ghurra or stick through the hole. If the ghurra is not immediately smashed by a blow from the inside—for it sometimes happens that the inmate is alarmed, and calls out, his guard near the hole inside with a stick or sword, waiting for the burglar's head to appear—he sees that the coast is clear and proceeds to effect an entrance; but this is clumsy work compared to the professional thief, who will cut a hole in a tent and step over the sleeping watch dog without alarming the animal. He carries a sharp knife, works naked, and oils his body, so that he is hardly ever taken. As Brahman-barecha, one of the chief criminals, consists in the abduction of wives and daughters, and it is not too much to say that the Mohammedans regard a single marriage as almost equivalent to celibacy. When female defendants appear in court, although criminal, they plead divorce and re-marriage. The former ceremony consists merely in the utterance of the words "ham chhor dia," "I leave you." At Alipore, among the high Brahmins, is a sect called Vaidiks. One class of the sect, the Dakkhinastors, has a curious custom of betrothal between conception and birth. If, after birth, it is found that the betrothed are both boys or both girls the marriage is void. A girl whose betrothed dies is regarded as a widow. Among the hill tribes may be mentioned the Abors; their origin is wrapped up in mystery. They eat everything except dog's flesh and beef. On the day of betrothing one of the man's dog is carefully buried in a sitting posture. Their idea of the marriage ceremony is very singular. A wishing to marry B's sister, gives B a female from the household, together with a present of rats, &c., in exchange for B's sister. The practice also obtains among the Duffas and Sang Miris. The Nagas, another hill tribe, live on anything they can pick up, a dead elephant being an especial treat. Murder and theft are the chief crimes of these tribes.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Counsel for the De-lieate.—Those to whom the changeable temperature is a protracted period of trial should seek the earliest opportunity of removing all obstacles to good health. This cooling Ointment, perseveringly rubbed upon the skin, is the most reliable remedy for overcoming all diseases of the throat and chest. Diphtheria, relaxed tonsils, sore throat, swollen glands, ordinary catarrh, and bronchitis, usually prevailing at this season, may be arrested as soon as discovered, and every symptom banished by Holloway's simple and effective treatment. This Ointment and Pills are highly commended by the Faculty of Medicine, and they successfully contend with influenza; they allay in an incredibly short time the distressing fever and tasing cough.

BRINSMEAD'S IMPROVED PIANOFORTE ACTION.

Some few weeks ago, in directing the attention of our readers to a new check-repeater-action for pianofortes, patented by John Brinsmead, of Wigmore-street, W., we regretted that the action was such that it was all but impossible to convey a clear idea of it to the reader without the aid of engravings. We have since visited Messrs. Brinsmead's establishment, and are now enabled to lay the necessary illustrations before our readers.

One of the great disadvantages of the ordinary pianoforte mechanism, is that when the hammer with its felt covering strikes the string, it has such a violent recoil from it that, vibrating backwards and forwards, the string is touched again, and, many vibrations being stopped, much of the tone is lost, and the action is quickly worn out.

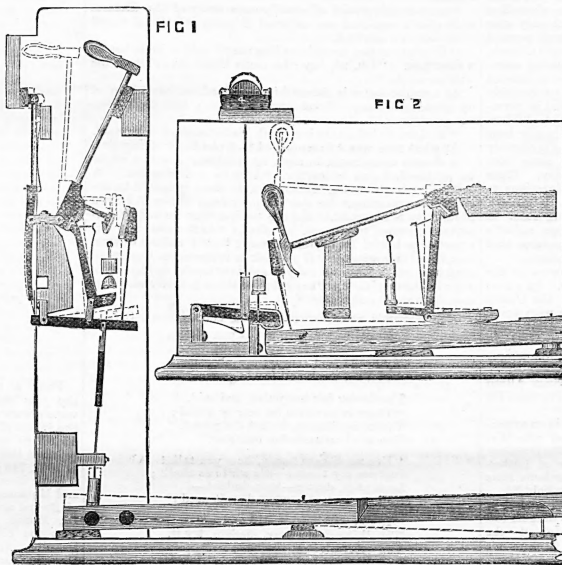
To obviate this, nearly all the principal London and Continental manufacturers have invented, at various times, "check" actions on different principles—that is, they have introduced something termed a "check," to hold the hammer when the blow was struck on the string, and prevent it retouching it. It was found, however, in more than one instance, that when the hammer was held no repetition of the note could be obtained, at any price of labour in playing or practice, so that such beautiful effect as the "tremolo" and "shake" had either to be given up by the performers, or played so lazily and slowly as quite to destroy their beauty, and from introducing so many pieces the touch became heavy and tiring. When these complicated actions got out of order—which they did even more quickly than the ordinary one—no one could remedy them but the makers.

The improvement patented throughout Europe and America by John Brinsmead and Sons is intended to obviate all these difficulties. This firm gained prize medals at the London and Paris Exhibitions for previous pianoforte improvements, but had never, until they introduced this invention, perfectly succeeded in obtaining the long-wished-for results.

The drawings give a side view of the mechanical part of this invention—the first is the mechanism of an upright piano, the second, that of a grand. The movement will be seen in black as it is before the key is pressed down; the light dotted lines show the movement as it is when the player's finger has struck the key. The little check with No. 2 upon it is about to catch the hammer directly it has struck the string, and will hold it firmly and safely in check until the finger is moved in the slightest degree, when up flies the hammer, which is at once ready to repeat the note as rapidly as the performer's fingers can move. The vibrations of the strings or wires are never stopped, and the little hammer

strikes such a tremendous blow, that immense power, combined with a full, rich tone, or most ravishingly soft and sweet quality of tone, can be produced immediately at the player's wish. No matter how rapidly the passages may be played, or how gently, a distinct note is heard; the fault must be entirely in the player's fingers and wrists if a note is missed.

These effects are partly due to the position of the little



spring with the hook at the top, and the silk loop which draw all the pieces into their proper places by the help of the hopper, which is bevelled so as to allow it to slip into its place, assisting the others at the same time. From the simplicity of this mechanism, the touch is rendered exquisitely light and firm.

The principal advantages may be summed up in a few words. Besides the improvement to the touch, rendering it

elastic, light, and so certain that a note possibly cannot be missed, the tone is improved, and the same rendered much more durable and economical, and unlikely to get out of order from change of climate or temperature.

A TROTTER MATCH.—At a certain splendid evening party a haughty young beauty turned to a student who stood near her and said:

"Cousin John, I understand your eccentric friend L— is here. Do bring him here and introduce him to me." The student went in search of his friend, and at length found him lounging on a sofa. "Come, L—," said he, "my beautiful cousin Catherine wishes to be introduced to you." "Well, trot her out, John," drawled L—, "with an affected air." John returned to his cousin and advised her to defer the introduction to a more favourable time, repeating the answer he had received. The beauty bit her lip, but the next moment said, "Well, never fear, I shall insist on being introduced." After some delay L— was led up, and the ceremony of introduction was performed. Agreeably surprised by the beauty and commanding appearance of Catherine, L— made a profound bow; but, instead of returning it, she stepped backward, and raising her glass surveyed him deliberately from head to foot; then, waving the back of her hand towards him, drawled out, "Trot him off, John! trot him off! That is enough."

The will of Sir Robert Jukes Clifton, Bart., M.P., was proved under 5,000*l.* personality; and that of Sir William John Newton under 4,000*l.*

WELL-KNIT.—Young Idea (trying to shoot at the favourite mark of the sex) "Grandma, do they make men like they do stockings?"—Grandamma: "Why, no, child! what absurd questions you ask!"—Young Idea: "Well, what made you say this morning that Major Skittles was not such a well-knit man?"

Those ladies who have not yet tried the GLENFIELD STARCH are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package. It is rather more difficult to make than other Starches, but when this is overcome, they will say like the Queen's Laundress, that it is the finest Starch they ever used.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* each.]

BIRTHS.

On the 23rd inst. 5*th* Park-row, Blackheath-park, Mrs. G. R. S. Black, of a son.
On the 23rd inst., at No. 3, Park-place, Windmill-road, West Croydon, Mrs. Geo. Hiley, of a son.
On the 23rd inst., at 21, Cornwall-gardens, Queen's-gate, Mrs. Herman Hoeker of a daughter.

COLOURED PORTRAITS OF

CELEBRATED AUTHORS—W. L. Atwood Tenenon, Wilkie Collins, George Macdonald, and Charles Dickens. The set of Four, in carte-de-visite size, not mounted, so as to be suitable either for the album, scrap-book, or screen. Post free, 9 stamps.—JOHN JERRARD, 172, Fleet-street, London.

Out this day, price 1*s.*, post free for 13 Stamps.

IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH,
STAMMERING AND STUTTERING; their Causes and Cure. By AMORRIS SURRIS, M.D., late Physician to the North London Consumption Hospital, &c.

London: H. RENSHAW, 356, Strand.

DRESSES IN SILK,

SILK VELVETS, GRENADINE BALZERINES, RAREGES, MOHAIRS, &c.,
THE FORMER FROM 1*s.* 11*d.* TO 1*s.* 11*d.* PER YARD, IN BLACK AND COLOURS;
THE LATTER, 1*s.* 2*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, & 6*d.*, with a SPECIAL LOT, 2*s.* 11*d.*, WORTH 1*s.* 4*d.*.
JACKETS, BERNOLSE CLOAKS, FICHUS, & LACE SHAWLS, 1*s.* 11*d.*, 2*s.* 11*d.*, 3*s.* 11*d.* & 4*s.* 11*d.*.
Many of the above less than half the original cost. THIS DAY.

S. LEWIS & CO.,
FARRINGTON HOUSE, HOLBORN-BARS.
(Not Farringdon-street.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WHY DO BLACK SILKS WEAR SO BADLY?

Is a question there is often too good reason for asking; and in order to remove the occasion for this frequent complaint,

JOLLY & SON, SILK MERCERS, BATH,



Have entered into arrangements with eminent Lyons and Spitalfields Manufacturers to produce for them several qualities and makes of BLACK SILKS, any of which may be purchased with the certainty that it will wear well; for these Goods JOLLY & SON hold themselves responsible, and each Dress will be stamped with a distinct guarantee.

PATTERNS POST-FREE.

JOLLY & SON, MILSON STREET, BATH.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH THE BEST ARTICLES AT DEANE'S.

DEANE'S—Celebrated Table Cutlery, every variety of style and finish.
DEANE'S—Electro-plated Spoons and Forks, best manufacture, strongly plated.
DEANE'S—Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Sets, Liquor Stands, Cruets, &c.
DEANE'S—Dish Covers and Hot-water Dishes. Tin Dish-covers in Sets, 1*s.* to 7*s.*
DEANE'S—Paper Maché Tea Trays, in Sets, from 2*s.* to 1*s.* 11*d.*, new and elegant patterns.
DEANE'S—Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns, with Loy-sell's and other Patent Improvements.
DEANE'S—Copper and Brass Goods, Kettles, Stew and Preserving Pans, Stockpots, &c.
DEANE'S—Moderator and Rock Oil Lamps, a large and handsome assortment.
DEANE'S—Gas Chandeliers, newly designed Patterns in Glass and bronze; Three-light Glass, from 6*s.*

DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose. Bath Rooms fitted complete.
DEANE'S—Fenders and Fire-irons, in all modern and approved patterns.
DEANE'S—Bedsteads in iron and Brass, with Bedding and superior quality.
DEANE'S—Register Stoves, improved London-made Kitcheners, Ranges, &c.
DEANE'S—Cornices and Cornice Poles, a variety of patterns, French and English.
DEANE'S—Tin and Japan Goods, Iron Ware, and Culinary Utensils.
DEANE'S—Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c., well-made, strong, and serviceable.
DEANE'S—Horticultural Tools, Lawn Mowers, Garden Rollers, Wire Work, &c.
DEANE'S—Harness, Saddles, and Horse Clothing, manufactured on the premises, of the best material.

Established A.D. 1700.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, WITH PRICED FURNISHING LIST, GRATIS AND POST-FREE. A Discount of 5 per cent. for Cash Payments of 42 and upwards.

DEANE & CO. (46, KING WILLIAM-STREET), LONDON BRIDGE.

DRESSES FOR THE COUNTRY, SEASIDE, &c.

THE LADY'S NEW COSTUMES.

BEST FRENCH PIQUE LONG COSTUME, consisting of Jacket (or Fichu), Bodice, Skirt, and Train Skirt, elegantly cut, and traced with handsome Pattern for Braiding, ready for working, complete for 2*s.* 6*d.* Ditto, ditto, SHORT WALKING COSTUME, 1*s.* 6*d.*

MESSRS. BEDFORD AND CO.

Having just received a large consignment of these elegant and fashionable French Costumes, which they have purchased from a Parisian House on very advantageous terms, are enabled to offer them at the above exceedingly low prices. The material is of the best description, the shapes are new and fashionable, and the Braiding Patterns are handsome and effective, without being elaborate.

NOVELTIES FOR CHILDREN.

Dolls' Dresses in best French Pique, traced for Braiding, from 1*s.* 3*d.* Ditto, with Train Skirts, 2*s.* 6*d.* Jackets from 8*d.* each.

J. BEDFORD & CO.'S NEEDLEWORK ESTABLISHMENTS,

168, REGENT STREET, & 46, GODGE STREET, W.

An Illustrated Price List of Needlework and Fancy Articles gratis and post-free.

PRIME NEW SEASON'S TEA.

Really Good and Truly Cheap are the TEAS and COFFEES supplied by

PHILLIPS & CO., TEA MERCHANTS,

8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON, E.C.
STRONG TO FINE BLACK TEA, 1*s.* 8*d.*, 2*s.* 4*d.*; VERY FINE RICH BLACK TEA, 2*s.* 6*d.*
A Price Current Free. Sugars at Market Prices.

PHILLIPS & CO. send all GOODS CARRIAGE FREE, by their own Vans, within eight miles of No. 8 King William-street, City; and send FINE COFFEES, and SPICES CARRIAGE FREE to any Railway Station or Market Town in England, if to the value of Forty Shillings or upwards.—Phillips & Co. have no Agents.

EXCELSIOR TRIMMING

TO IMITATE

HAND-MADE EMBROIDERY,

MADE BY A NEW PROCESS

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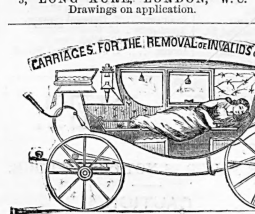
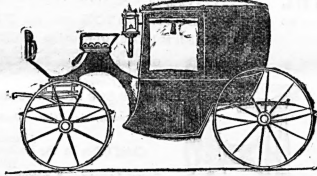
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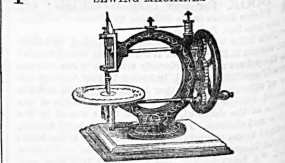
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Printed and Published, for the Proprietor, by WILLIAM FRANKS, at 102, Fleet-street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, August 28, 1869.